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# HIGH TIMES

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# HIGH TIMES

No. 68 April 1981

## FEATURES

### Marihuana: "Harmless" Narcotic or Murderous Killer? Ha!

by Dr. Gamaliel Nahass

"Make no mistake, marijuana mutants *do* exist. This year alone will be spawned over 10,000 of the horribly deformed creatures, and with my ritual decapitations I can only go so far. Gentlemen, we are sitting on a time bomb." Dr. Nahass, from his symposium, "Everybody out of the gene pool" . . . . .

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by Mike Wilmington; photos by Dennis Stock

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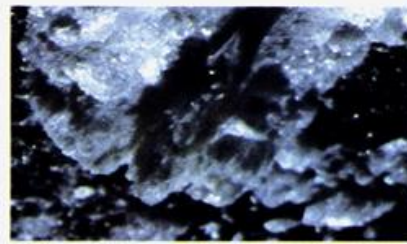
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by "R." For years you've been ogling his sensuous centerfolds. Waking in a sweat at midnight when dreams of those ripe, luscious buds all gooey with resin have become too much, you may have even cursed his name in the darkness. Read on and eat your hearts out.



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by Michael Reynolds Hemorrhaging skies, hemorrhaging victims. "Hello, my name is Stinky." Welcome to California, mass-murder capital of the world.



### 64 Cocaine Confidential: Connoisseurship

by Michael Aldrich, Ph.D. Did you know that lab monkeys have killed themselves trying to get more cocaine? In the first installment of our monthly cocaine column, Dr. Aldrich explores this and other Peruvian-inspired phenomena.



# HIGH TIMES

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**FOUNDING EDITOR**  
 Thomas King Forcade, 1945-1978



April 1981 • No. 68 • High Times (ISSN #0017-789X) is published monthly by Trans-High Corporation, Andy Kowl, President • Mail subscriptions (payable in U.S. funds) and changes of address (please include most recent mailing label) to Box 965, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735 • Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue or for change of address • Subscriptions in the United States: 12 issues for \$21, 24 issues for \$39 • Single copy price: \$2.50 • In Canada: 12 issues for \$27, 24 issues for \$49 • All other countries by surface mail: 12 issues for \$27 • All other countries by airmail: \$49 • Send all mail to High Times, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003 • Offices at 116 East 27th St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (no mail to this address) • Controlled circulation postage paid at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and at additional mailing offices • Manuscripts must be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope • All contributions will be carefully considered, but the publisher and editors assume no responsibility for loss or injury to unsolicited material • Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Copyright © 1981 by Trans-High Corporation. Nothing in this publication may be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without specific written permission of the publisher. All rights reserved. "High Times" is a registered trademark. High Times and Trans-High Corporation assume no responsibility for any claims or representations contained in this magazine or in any advertisement, nor do they encourage the illegal use of any of the products advertised herein. **All advertising and advertised products void where prohibited.** Postmaster: Please send address changes and form 3579 to High Times, P.O. Box 965, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735.

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2. PARDON ME BUT  
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 SOMEONE WHO  
 GIVES A SHIT

6. Those of you  
 who think you  
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 are very annoying  
 to those of us  
 who do.

3. We'll get  
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 as soon as  
 you realize  
 I'm God

8. **QUESTION  
 AUTHORITY**

4. Life is like  
 a shit sandwich.  
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 you have the  
 less shit you  
 have to eat.

9. **HAVE AN**



**ORDINARY DAY**

10. "SO?" 11. "When choosing between two evils I always like to try the one I've never tried before." 12. "It's not that you and I are so clever, but that the others are such fools." 13. "Just because you're PARANOID doesn't mean everyone isn't out to get you." 14. Don't ask me any questions. I just might tell you the truth." 15. **IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS** 16. "If you can't dazzle 'em with brilliance, baffle 'em with bullshit." 17. "I'm not cynical. Just experienced." 18. "I know you think you understood what I said, but what you heard was not what I meant." 19. **"ASK ME IF I CARE"** 20. "If you have to ask you'll never know." 21. **"THE TORTURE NEVER STOPS"** 22. "There are no rules." 23. "If I tell you you have a beautiful body will you hold it against me?" 24. **"MURPHY'S LAW:** Whatever can go wrong, will. And at the worst possible moment." Silk screened blue on tan or white on black. First quality 100% cotton Hanes t-shirts. S.M.L.XL

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# FREE HERB

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### THIS UP TO DATE NEWSLETTER SHOWS YOU HOW

Some twelve years ago, spurred by mild curiosity, I planted some marijuana seeds. Two lovely plants grew to a height of about eighteen inches, looking healthy and bushy, until one day, when I came home and discovered that both were gone, nipped off at the base. As I cast malevolent and suspicion filled glances at my mate, I noticed that my tom cat was having an extraordinarily hard time walking and was basically behaving in a manner which would be referred to in the trade as stoned on his ass.

Taking that as a cosmic go-ahead, I decided to add marijuana to my repertory of great-success plants.

Many people have written "How to grow" books and pamphlets on marijuana, but they so consistently contradict each other that I was led to believe that they used no controls to check out their findings, that they were basing their writings on limited personal experiences and that they had failed to follow reasonable scientific research procedures. The result is that by following these instructions people have had disastrous results, or at best, low yields. What I have done with a lot of help from my friends, is to compile the best available information, based on actual tests. I have used the experiences of several growers and combined that with research studies done on pot and other plants which can be related directly to cannabis.

#### STARTING FROM SEED

Unquestionably, the better the seed, the better the final product. So you should make an effort to obtain the best around. This may not be as easy in some parts of the country as in others, but ask friends and relatives, 'specially those

living in Northern California. Most people save seeds, particularly from potent pot. Get a good collection together. The best way to judge the seed is by the way the parent plant smokes. It's very much a matter of like mother like daughter. One thing to be aware of is that pot loses potency if badly cured or mistreated. A lot of Colombian can be induced to grow into fine smoke. Some of the finest California homegrown comes from seeds that are five to seven generations old and have acclimatized sufficiently to produce killer weed. Therefore you should allow one plant to go to seed in order to have enough for the second crop.

Once you get a good stash of seeds, store the ones you won't use. The best way of doing this is to put them into a glass jar with a tightly fitting lid (like a canning jar), put two or three tablespoons of powdered milk into a piece of paper towel, fold and put into the jar with seeds. Change the powdered milk each time you open the jar. This keeps moisture from attacking your seeds and marijuana is particularly susceptible to fungus. Do not use salt because it will ruin seeds. Once you have packaged them properly, put them into your freezer. Don't yank them out at every opportunity to show to your friends or gloat over them yourself. Leave them undisturbed until you need them. Remember, you can't buy these babies at your local nursery, so treat with respect!

Freezing has another benefit. It fakes a winter for your seeds. Once they hit the warm air, they will start running their GERMINATE program. A lot of plants really enjoy such treatment. I know one lady who packs the base of her lilac tree with ice each winter and gets incredible blooms in an area where lilac has a hard time producing.

#### INDOOR GARDENING

The cool weather is upon us, so batten down the hatches and get ready for indoor growing. Forget your clay pots and pretty redwood boxes. This is serious business and you want maximum yield. Hydroponics is the only way to fly (you can get as much growth out of three square feet hydroponically, as you can out of twenty-five or thirty square feet of soil). A good hydroponic system should pretty much take care of itself. Let me make no bones about it. I'm sold on the Dyna-Gro. I have used it and other systems, which out of human kindness, I shall not name. I had a two-car garage stuffed with hydroponic systems of different kinds for nine months, and it was a no contest. With the nameless ones, I have had to rip-up fully grown plants. . . .because those systems have built in problems. They seem to self-destruct in three months. I watched the Dyna-Gro emerge as a fledgling idea, inspired by the frustrating inadequacies of the other systems and grow into a marvelously dependable garden. All you have to provide are the appropriate climatic conditions.

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Since **Mike Wilmington**, who wrote the text for Dennis Stock's James Dean memorial portfolio, has long labored under the delusion that he is James Dean, it only seemed fitting to let him elegize the



# Who's

late Indiana actor. Wilmington is another refugee from the *Madison Press Connection*—where he drove then feature editor (now *HIGH TIMES* news editor) Bob LaBrasca to daily distraction with his bloated, slovenly and poorly spelled movie columns. In addition to the *Press Connection*, *Sight and Sound*, *Film Comment* and the *Boston Real Paper* have also been "graced" with Wilmington's outpourings. Since arriving in Manhattan, ostensibly to collaborate on an independent film script with Barry Brown, codirector and coproducer of the Academy Award nominee *The War at Home*, Wilmington has failed to find an apartment, girl friend or steady job and so spends the bulk of his time at our office, badgering editors for assignments and loudly demanding the respect accorded—to use his own words—"the nation's premier film scholar."

**Mike Reynolds**, author of this month's chilling exposé on the Hillside Strangler and other famous cases of California mass murder, is no stranger to the American underbelly. Born in Oklahoma, Mike spent his life drifting between Mexico and Canada, never living in one place for more than four years—all the while getting on a first-name basis with at least half of the nation's unsavories. His professional credits include an editorial stint at the *Berkeley Barb* during the mid '70s, along with feature writing for *Playboy*, *Oui*, *Crawdaddy* and a slew of other national magazines. When taking time off from consorting with the dregs of humanity, Reynolds likes to have a few drinks and play poker. Currently living somewhere in the landlocked latitudes, Mike is anxiously awaiting the birth of his first book, *Desperate Acts*, to be published by Full Court Press this spring.

Currently curator of the Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library, **Dr. Michael Aldrich** was granted the first pot Ph.D. from the botany department of MIT in

# high?

1970. He has served as researcher for both the U.S. National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse and the California Select Committee on Control of Marijuana. In addition to his work for the



government, Aldrich has served as consultant to many drug organizations and is the author of numerous articles on drug history, research and reform. Strange as it seems, Aldrich himself has never had any *firsthand* experience with what has become his life's work. Says the owlish Dr.: "I learned it all from books, honest."

Sordid Affairs Editor **Dean Latimer** insisted on writing his own "Who's High?" entry for this issue. He had to pull



considerable rank to do it, because this punk named George Barkin usually writes these entries, and you can see what he says about other people here. A neurotic Jewish street punk with a *ferkakteh* sense of humor, George Barkin is the guy that slips all the offensive matter into the house copy at *HIGH TIMES*. All the house copy that's funny is written by Latimer, but the lame and offensive stuff all comes from Barkin. Latimer didn't get to be sordid affairs editor of *HIGH TIMES* by letting snotnose postadolescent space cases play fast and loose with his public image in places like the "Who's High?" column. Also, Barkin is trying to usurp Latimer's job by circulating preposterous rumors among the staff about his alleged penchant for masturbating over TV reruns of *The Brady Bu*—(Sorry, Dean, your word count's up.—GB) □



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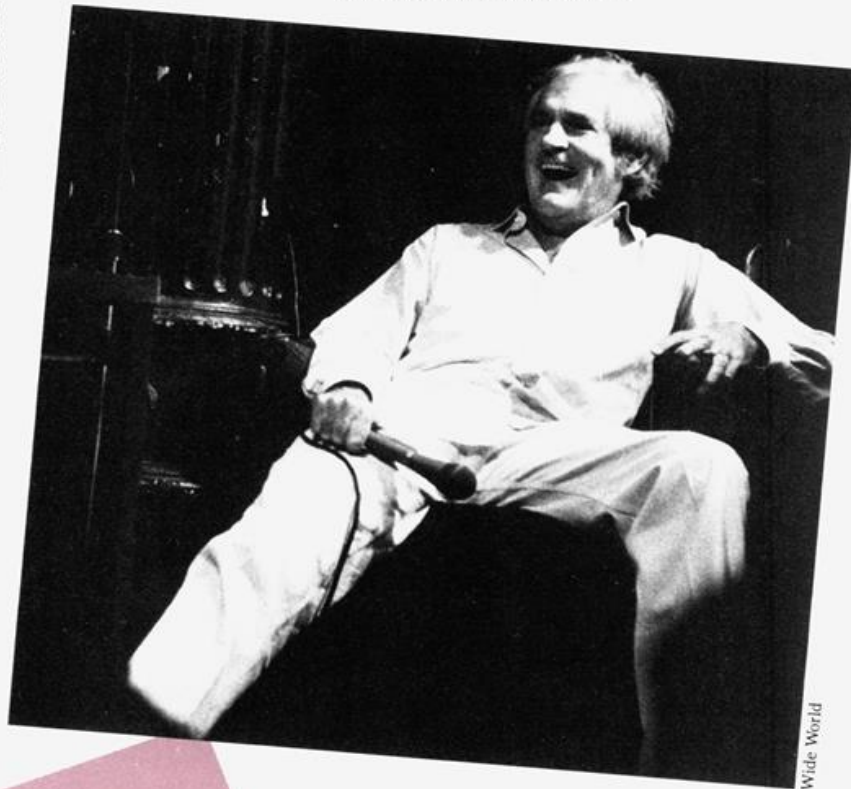


# High society.



Dominguez/Globe Photos

The king is dead and his daughter's got his millions, and the Scientologists have got his daughter, ergo... Well, maybe not just yet, but insiders report Priscilla "Those Amazing Animals" Presley, has been pushing her daughter, Lisa, into the evil clutches of a bunch of sick and twisted E meter-toting madmen. Notes a former cult official, "The Scientologists are scrubbing little Lisa's brain like a charwoman would scrub a floor." Forced by her mother to attend a strange California school dedicated to the bizarre teaching of cult leader L. Ron Hubbard, Lisa must begin each day with the ritual of "silent staring." Next the students are made to engage in bullbaiting sessions where they berate and taunt each other with sexual innuendo. After school, she spends two and a half hours in a Church of Scientology center where God knows what goes on. Is there help for little Lisa? Says a former official, "She's under the control of a man more evil and capable of more destruction than Jim Jones." Here's looking at you, kid.



Wide World

Orange County bulletheads and assorted dickpullers have gone and booted **Dr. Timothy Leary** out of his spot as disc jockey and talk-show host on KEZY AM-FM in Anaheim. Seems the local two-by-fours couldn't get behind Leary's casual warning to commuters that the San Diego Freeway had disappeared; or his surfing reports of 50-foot tidal waves and huge ice packs off Malibu. When handed his walking papers by the station, the LSDeejay was alleged to have commented, "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't stop the music."



Jack Abraham

What price good-looking V-zone, Angela Kilmartin must wonder as she wages her lonely one-woman campaign opposing those tight designer jeans in her continuing crusade against cystitis. In olden days, cystitis was caused almost solely by the making of the two-backed beast, hence its nickname "bride's disease." But today synthetic underwear, vaginal deodorants, candy-flavored douches and especially those snug-fitting designer jeans are the main purveyors of this painful urinary-tract infection. Though we'd like to say we're right behind you, Mrs. Kilmartin, with those baggy pants you don't offer us much incentive. So here's a Hell, no, Sergio; now g'wan, get outta here.





Michael Putland/Retna

Scruffy, unwashed dope-rock performers like **Mick Jagger** and Paul Simon will be in for a long-overdue bath if New York State's "substance abuse" bureaucracy has anything to say about it. Julio Martinez, who administrates the multimillion-dollar detox-and-rehab industry in the Empire State, now wants to collect a dollar every time a radio station there plays a song by any performer whom Martinez deems to be a "drugs" singer. And he wants to collect it from the singers themselves.

Martinez's people are seriously lobbying the Albany legislature on this one. The shitlist so far includes Jagger, Simon, Jackson Browne, Bob Dylan, Lou Reed, Eric Clapton, Jefferson Starship and the Grateful Dead. "The Grateful Dead should drop dead," says Martinez.

When John Lennon dropped dead last winter, poor Julio may have lost a few prospective millions. Sources close to the ex-addict rehab czar report that he appeared to be personally stricken after Lennon's demise, as he went into a local methadone clinic on official business. It is not recorded if his mood was any better when he left the place.

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# Connoisseur.



## Health Food Hash by "R."

Stop the presses. Just when the grass market seemed to be terminally boring and predictable, there are some exciting new developments in the hash world.

Not long after my report on Afghani, I found myself in the presence of a very special Lebanese that outclassed anything the Middle East has produced since the Gnostic Gospels.

Azara. That's what it's called. It's the Lebanese word for first class, primo, state of the art. What it is, in fact, is the first connoisseur-quality, nonaddictive, unprocessed, pure resin hash—the health-food whole-grain version of hash.

What many hash smokers are unaware of—or prefer to repress—is that almost all of the hash that reaches the United States has been adulterated, dyed, cured and cut with binders and fillers. Everything from yak's piss in Nepalese, human and camel spit in

Pakistani, henna to turn certain Lebanese stuff into "red," all sorts of cheap gum fillers, and sometimes plain old dirt can get packed into garden-variety hash.

Not Azara. No sir, this is the pure organic stuff. It doesn't come in those hard compressed wheels, surfboards or rock-balls like other hash. No, this stuff is not compressed at all. It's just the pure resin rubbings, so fluffy and fresh that it arrives here in big glass jars.

Legend has it that this organic Azara is the dream of a single dedicated farmer in the Christian-controlled section of Lebanon (the Lebanese civil war apparently has caused a similar split in hash growers along religious lines). This farmer had a dream, it seems: He believed that American consumers who went to so much trouble to see that their foods were unprocessed, unadulterated and organic would want at last to get a

cannabis concentrate that met these same high standards. And so, instead of using spit and gum arabic and whatever kind of stickum lay around to press his hash, he didn't press it at all. He just put the fluffy stuff in jars.

Recently I had the opportunity to sample some straight from the jar. By the time the jar reached me it was more than half empty (some people are pigs, although who can blame them?) but it was still fresh and blond and beautiful.

I opened the lid and found the scent with-in intensely flowery, as opposed to the kind of oily, murky bouquet that much hash greets you with these days. It was sticky and moist but still loose—it reminded me of bee pollen in color and texture.

But, of course, as a connoisseur I had to suspend all judgment until the time had come to fill up a pipe and put it to the test. At first puff I was reminded of some Moroccan kif someone once proffered me a long time ago, but this was still more like hash than kif—like the difference between intense perfume and the more dilute *eau de toilette*, if I can use an olfactory analogy. The taste is flowery and fresh—something like a young beaujolais—but the high is something else again.

It's a reverent and resonant high. It takes you back to the fertile stillness of Biblical Lebanon: You soar into the sky with the stately majesty of the famous cedars of Lebanon, from which holy arks and the temple were built. There is a purity to the feeling, the unpolluted purity of a time before man gummed up the world with the additives of corruption and sin. If it's not exactly a holy high, you might call it a *holistic* high. It doesn't numb the brain; it brings both brain and body into a higher state of integration. Plus there's no unpleasant aftertaste.

I have to confess I've always in the past associated hash with decadence and degradation; always preferred good grass to good hash, even average grass to good hash because I'd seen too many people lying around wasted, with snakelike coils from a hookah hookup bubbling hash fumes into their brains until they talked like bubbleheads themselves. Sure certain Afghani versions were uplifting, and Nepalese spiritual, but most hashheads seemed more wasted than inspired as a rule. Azara could change a lot of minds as well as heads.

I think there's a future in this Azara, in this health-food hash. I hope the brave Lebanese Christian pioneer grower isn't alone in appealing to the higher instincts of U.S. consumers. The whole grass culture underwent a profound revolution in the five years since sinsemilla became available. Maybe it's time for a similar quantum leap in hash quality to happen, and maybe some hash growers in other countries will get the word that American consumers have raised their standards, that we won't settle for less anymore. □



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# Letters.

## Sordid Affairs

We have advertised R. Gordon Wasson's latest book, *The Wondrous Mushroom: Mycolatry in Mesoamerica*, in its paperback edition at \$12.95 in your October, November and December issues and are at a loss to understand where the \$125 price tag, as highlighted by your reviewer, Dean Latimer, came from. To any knowledgeable follower of Wasson's work it should be no news by now that Wasson publishes his publications first in a limited and numbered bibliophile edition for a small audience of collectors.

The softcover edition, which is available at a price of \$12.95, is the book that we have been advertising in your magazine. Therefore, your reviewer's advice to your readers "you might as well wait until *The Wondrous Mushroom* comes out in soft back for \$16.95 in a few months" —has bewildered not a few of Wasson's followers. With this letter I would like to request that this erroneous information be corrected in your next issue and that you will advise the many followers of R. Gordon Wasson that *The Wondrous Mushroom* is presently available in softcover at \$12.95.

—Alfred van der March,  
McGraw-Hill Book Co.,  
New York, N. Y.

Sorry. You'll probably be glad to know that ol' Dean has since been taken off the mushroom beat and has reassigned himself to the *Coming in Three Hours Late Reeking of Cheap Liquor and Sleazy Sex Dept. up on the eighth floor.* —Ed.

## Stop and Blow?

The other day I passed a STOP 'N' GO party



**IRRESISTIBLY  
CHEAP COKE  
2 29**

store and discovered they were selling coke! I thought it would be an ideal foto to mail you.

—Brian Ferguson,  
Bay City, Mich.

## Gumbas in the Night

In the December '80 issue of *HIGH TIMES* ["See the Sacred Word and Win \$100"] I

wrote: "When Frank Sinatra almost got kicked out of Australia by a union official, Bob Hope told Mort Sahl that the poor guy woke up one morning with the head of a kangaroo in his bed. . . . But Sahl now tells [that joke] as his own, without credit." This was based on an interview with Sahl in *Penthouse*. However, I recently saw him perform and he does indeed give Hope credit. I apologize for any embarrassment I may have caused the Mafia.

—Paul Krassner,  
San Francisco, Cal.

## The Outpatients

It ain't dope, it's medicine!



—J.W.,  
Winston-Salem, N.C.

## Voice in the Wilderness

This time you have gone too far! Comparing Canada to "some backwater despotry like Iran" is too much! Is this the kind of thanks we get for looking after your draft dodgers during the Vietnam War? Some freedom in America when you have to fight a war you don't believe in! And still you can't buy a Cuban cigar or drive a Russian car! Puts a lump in your throat just to think about it. I have had a subscription to *HIGH TIMES* for years but when it expires I sure as hell will not renew unless an apology is made to the Canadian people!

—Peter  
Ontario, Canada

Ever since we began running our *Banned in Iran* subscription ad we've been taking a lot of shit. First it was from a group of ex-Nazis down in South America, then it was the Spanish Embassy, and now we're forced to listen to the mewlings of a bunch of limp-wristed Canuck rah-rah boys. Enough is enough!! Listen, snow dummy, the facts speak for themselves: Your country prohibits the sale of *HIGH TIMES* within its borders, therefore you suck. So you looked after our draft dodgers in the '60s. Big fuckin' deal! Most of them were white, college-educated, professional types, just the kind of folks a population-starved nation like yours would give its right arm for. Instead of whining to us why don't you try and get those blubber-sucking lumberjacks who run things up there to step up into the 20th century and legalize *HIGH TIMES*! —Ed.

P.S. What have you done with Sgt. Preston? ☐



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HT 94



# Getting Off.



## Running the High Seas

by Michael Stepanian

A funky freighter with a Panamanian flag slips by Cuba, offshore in the fog. Three, four, five torpedoes slash out from the Keys: Pop, pop! "All hands on deck!" "Load 'em up fast!" "Full speed ahead." "Aye-aye, captain!" Ship ahoy and welcome aboard.

The Coast Guard by tradition and statute has had almost unlimited discretion in stopping and searching boats, and recently they've begun using this power in a concentrated attempt to stop drug smuggling. They have also entered into agreements with other organizations, such as the DEA and Customs, to further strengthen their hand. New statutes have blurred distinctions between agencies, with each agency, as a result, acquiring the authority of all the others. Consequently, the last few years have seen a dramatic increase in the number of drug busts on the seas.

In an earlier column it was noted that

people in vehicles crossing the border are subject to search without probable cause or suspicion. The Coast Guard has used this fact to conduct hundreds of searches on boats they believe may have crossed national boundaries. Recent court decisions, though, have restricted their powers a bit by requiring that there be at least a "reasonable" belief that the boat has come from foreign waters before they can conduct a legal search.

A second source of the Coast Guard's broad powers stems from their statutory right to make safety and documentation inspections. A vessel within territorial waters may be stopped and inspected for items like fire extinguishers, electronic wiring, vessel number and so on. Of course, any contraband in plain sight (or in plain smell, for that matter) gives them probable cause to arrest and search further. It's interesting to

note that Coast Guard policy explicitly states that these "administrative inspections" provide a means for boarding a boat and looking for drugs. Frequently, their power to inspect for safety and documentation extends far beyond the territorial waters of the United States. Under the Hovering Vessel Act, the president may declare up to 100 miles around any suspicious vessel hovering on the high seas as a "Customs Enforcement Area," giving the Coast Guard the authority to board and inspect even if the boat has made no attempt to enter the country or cross a border.

Though the courts are still undecided on this, the Coast Guard also has *de facto* authority to board and search any vessel outside the territorial waters if probable cause exists to believe the boat is violating U.S. law. (This can get especially uncomfortable, 'cause a conspiracy charge will be tacked on to any substantive charges.) Again, like the safety and documentation rousts, the Guard has used its jurisdiction essentially to seize contraband.

Fortunately, the courts have lately been examining the Guard's discretionary powers and they've moved in the direction of requiring them to comply with those Fourth Amendment-type vibes, just like other enforcement agencies. The Supreme Court has indicated that exceptions to Fourth Amendment probable cause should be more strictly construed. Commentators in interpreted cases such as *Prowse* and *Dunaway* have cast doubt on the Guard's right to perform random administrative searches and have required a basic, minimum "reasonableness" requirement for all searches. In addition to these judicial safeguards there is the doctrine of *force majeure*, which allows for a vessel to come into territorial waters without being subject to policing powers if the condition of the vessel or the sea demands it.

But by far the best defense against the Coast Guard is not to arouse their interest in the first place: No one ever talked their way out of a search once they were stopped. Remember, it's never any fun to be alone, and fishing fleets never arouse suspicion. Though the DEA, Customs and Coast Guard may occasionally fight amongst themselves, they are all united against one enemy—smugglers. They have boat dealers and middlemen on their payroll and together they try and run all kinds of scams in order to find out who's buying what. What may be cool off the coast of Costa Rica will not be so cool along the California coast. "Hey, is that really a herring trawler underneath you, or are you just excited to see me?" □

Gail Freund



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# Formerly Dr. Hip.



by Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

## Color Her Inconceivable

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

A friend suggested that maybe the reason I can't seem to get pregnant is because I took so much acid in the past that it did something to my chromosomes. Comment?

Also, isn't there a safer, less painful way to find out if the Fallopian tubes are clear than shooting dye through them? I had VD five times and have been trying to find out if it's marred my ability to conceive, but feel the dye test is unnatural. I'm 28, never have been pregnant and never have used birth control except for the pill for six months.

I had arthritis but cured myself through changes of lifestyle, thinking and climate. My periods are very irregular. Once I didn't have one for six months.

—A.M., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear A.M.:

With the important exception of triggering mental disorders in predisposed susceptible individuals, there is simply no evidence that LSD causes permanent damage. All that talk about LSD permanently damaging chromosomes, causing in-

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o HIGH TIMES, P.O. Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.

fertility, destroying brain cells, et cetera, is just so much horsepucky. Of course, if you are constantly stoned on LSD (or other drugs) it's as if you really had irreversibly affected your brain. Recent research indicates that even if LSD, caffeine and other drugs do affect chromosomes in the circulating blood, these changes have no significance because cells in the circulatory system do not reproduce. If LSD did affect chromosomes we would have seen an unparalleled epidemic of birth defects, infertility and stillbirths by now. It hasn't happened.

Your inability to conceive may very well be due to the times you had VD, which I assume was gonorrhea. Gonorrhea in women frequently causes infections of the pelvic organs, including scarring and blockage of the Fallopian tubes. Another complication of gonorrhea, in men and women, is a type of arthritis, which usually disappears once the original infection is treated or runs its course. The dye test you mentioned not only can diagnose blocked tubes but sometimes blows them open, so it's worth any possible discomfort.

## Mama Loves Poppers

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

A couple of years ago, I had a sexual encounter that was fun, exciting and uninhibited. During the session, my partner introduced me to amyl nitrite, better known as "poppers." We inhaled just a few sniffs and the

result was pure unadulterated ecstasy. Here's my problem: Since then I have been hooked on poppers. Oh, I can perform quite well without them, but to have a really exciting time completely without any hangups, doubts or inhibitions, I rely on poppers. Now that the government has clamped down on prescriptions for amyl nitrite, I use nonprescription nitrites with the same effects, like Bolt, Rush, Locker Room, et cetera. My friends, the ones who would understand, warn me of their hazards. I am told excessive use will stretch the veins to your brain and eventually wear them down. Could you tell me if these warnings are exaggerated or should I just keep use down to a minimum?

—L.L. Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Dear L.L.:

So-called room odorizers like isobutyl nitrite produce effects identical to amyl nitrite when inhaled. Besides a sensual rush, inhalable nitrites cause a pounding, rapid heartbeat and lowered blood pressure. Large quantities can cause irregular heartbeats, visual hallucinations and, rarely, a temporary bluish color to the skin due to changes in blood cell chemistry. No deaths are attributable to nitrite inhalants and adverse reactions to their use are only rarely seen by providers of medical care. Perhaps we just don't have enough information, or perhaps these drugs don't often cause serious harm despite their dramatic effects on the heart and blood vessels.

Common adverse effects of nitrite inhalants include headache, rapid heart rate and low blood pressure. Less common, but not unusual, is a bronchitis producing discolored phlegm one or two days after nitrite inhalation. Your friends may be exaggerating the dangers of poppers, but you can't go wrong by keeping their use to a minimum.

## High and Dry

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

What about the use of grass and its effect on vaginal secretions? You see, grass makes some of us exceedingly heady, conscious, verbal-in-the-mind, you name it. At such moments, the question "What am I doing here?" may pop up with great color and clarity. For some of us with fairly direct connections to our central control boards, so to speak, the answer turns out to be some variation of "Who cares, exactly? Just get out of here soon. Press the hold-the-juices button and split!"

—M.E., Berkeley, Cal.

Dear M.E.:

Interesting theory, M.E., but I think you are noting a direct pharmacological effect of the drug. Marijuana commonly causes dryness of the mouth, nose and eyes. Several women besides yourself have reported reduced vaginal secretions on grass even when they're very turned on sexually. Others have a very different response: Marijuana makes them so excited they almost slide out of bed. □



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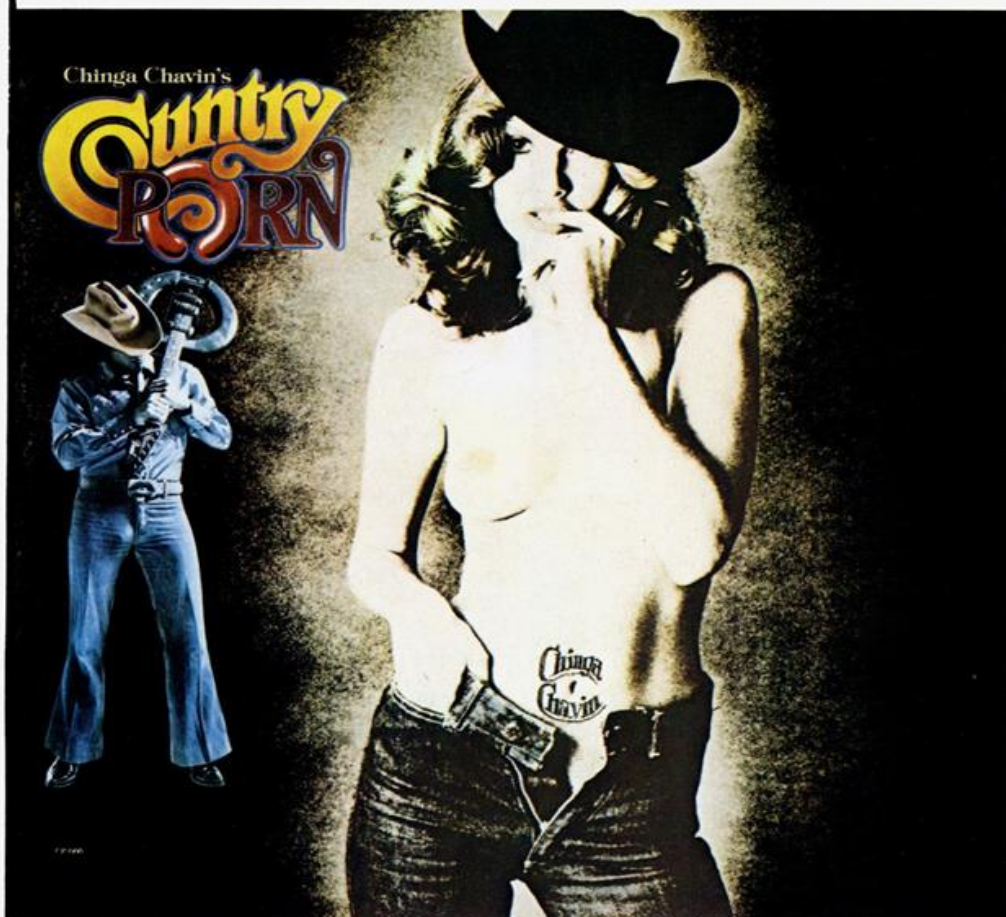
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# HIGHWITNESS NEWS

**LATEST  
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No. 68  
Apr. '81

**POLITICAL WEIRDIES ATTACK SEX, DRUGS, ROCK 'N' ROLL**

## ANTIDRUG CULT STAGES BIZARRE SHOW

"John Lennon was a pig," proclaimed U.S. Labor Party conspiracy researcher and Anti-Drug Coalition prima donna Carol White from the stage of the LaSalle Junior High School auditorium. It was a less than gracious remark: Lennon was a week dead and his day of mourning a scant 24 hours away. But then why mince words

when you're organizing New York City against the enemies of mankind, progress and healthy lungs?

In that dingy auditorium, before a scattered crowd of white, black and Hispanic citizens and church and community leaders (many perhaps attracted by the advertised appearance of congressmen Mario

Biaggi and Robert Garcia, who were no-shows), White and her Anti-Drug comrades socked it to their enemies. They railed furiously against pot, booze, coke, acid, gay liberation, real-estate speculators, pussyfooting PTAs, and those two hoary old delinquents and corruptors of

continued on page 26

## BUYERS REAP FRUITS OF POT-WAR ARMISTICE

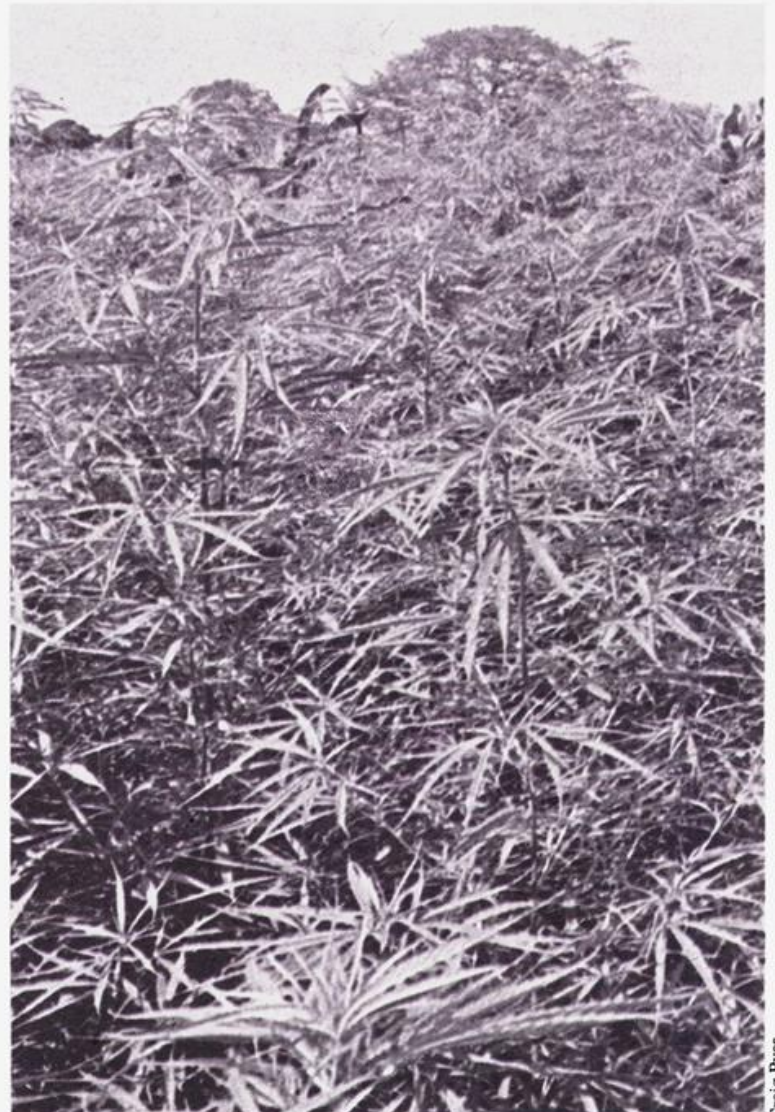
## COLOMBIAN POT PRICES PLUMMET!

MIAMI—The bottom has fallen out of the marijuana market, as wholesalers are faced with saturation quantities of Colombian. Prices on quantities of more than a thousand pounds have been reported at \$160 a pound and even lower, the cheapest in years, with credit terms readily available. Importers and distributors complain that their regular customers already have more weed than they can move.

The quality of the Colombian glut grass is consistently poor to decent, with top-of-the-line commercial hard to come by. The increased proliferation of quality domestic, now grown nationwide, has narrowed the Colombian market base by popularizing sinsemilla (see March "Market Quotes"). Once relatively few smokers appreciated the finest Hawaiian and Californian specialties enough to pay the high price. Now the availability of commercial sinsemilla, selling for up to \$100 a large, bushy half ounce, is convincing old-time Colombian purchasers to spend the extra few dollars for more refined taste and quality, with comparable volume and no seeds.

Last year Colombia pulled their troops off pot patrol in the Guajira region of the country, which includes cities such as Santa Marta and Barranquilla, and the suspension of the marijuana hostilities has eased trade conditions considerably.

Sources in Colombia report growers experimenting with more modern growing techniques, since they've realized that higher quality may produce greater profit despite an expected reduction in output. When Colombian replaced Mexican in the early '70s as the most common commercial marijuana, its reputation for superior quality allowed Colombian growers to become careless about potency. With massive increases in production, quality declined, and growers and exporters have now been collecting information on the improved cultivation techniques developed by their North American counterparts.



Colombian weed in the wild.

Craig Pyles



# COLOMBIA'S BLUEPRINT FOR LEGALIZATION

by Antonio Huneus

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—Chances are good that marijuana cultivation may be legal here by 1982. Ever since the notion of pot legalization was broached two years ago by the National Association of Financial Institutions (ANIF) here, an increasing number of legitimate industrialists and political and academic figures have swung around solidly behind the idea, and it has received increasing support from the military and judicial factions in the government. Since current president Julio Cesar Turbay Ayala appears to have painted himself into a corner on the issue—he has fiercely sworn to keep marijuana illegal ever since his 1978 election—legalization will probably come about only after the election next year, when *marimba* promises to be a very lively campaign issue.

If Colombia legalizes *marimba*, it will be doing so mainly in self-defense, ANIF has incessantly pointed out. Illegal traffic in marijuana is estimated to pump \$2.2 billion annually into Colombia, mostly in hard American currency that can't legally be invested in legitimate Colombian industry. So far, the system here has tried to cope with the problem by providing a special "left-hand window" (*la ventanilla siniestra*) at the Bank of the Republic, where whole suitcases full of American dollars can be changed into Colombian pesos, no questions asked. But \$2.2 billion is a whole lot of currency to try to stuff through a single bank window in one short year.

As a result, the entire country is overflowing with illegal American dollars, which is inflating the Colombian currency to the tune of 30 percent a year and causing gross hardship and dislocation for most Colombian citizens who don't deal drugs. The legalization of marijuana cultivation, insists ANIF, would eliminate this syndrome at the source.

To implement what would have been unthinkable just four years ago, the legalization of *maracachafa*—a word that has even more odious connotations for most Colombians

than *reefer* has for Americans—the Colombian economists in ANIF are moving very conservatively. As outlined by ANIF president Ernesto Samper Pisano before a meeting in Barranquilla of 32 congressmen from the *marimba*-saturated Atlantic provinces, legalization would begin with the licensing of small peasant farmers, owners of 12.5 acres of land or less, to grow legal marijuana. The selected farmers would be chosen from established agricultural regions of the country and encouraged to sell their grass for prices competitive with other products like sugar, coffee, cabbage, et cetera. The government would encourage such competitive pricing by buying quantities of marijuana for rope and for legitimate medicinal purposes: Marijuana has been used traditionally as a palliative for arthritis and rheumatism in Colombia, and Colombian health services are interested in using it for glaucoma and in cancer-chemotherapy programs.

Such grass-roots policies are not very likely, of course, to put much of a dent in the big-time smuggling problem. Here again, ANIF points out, legalization would remove

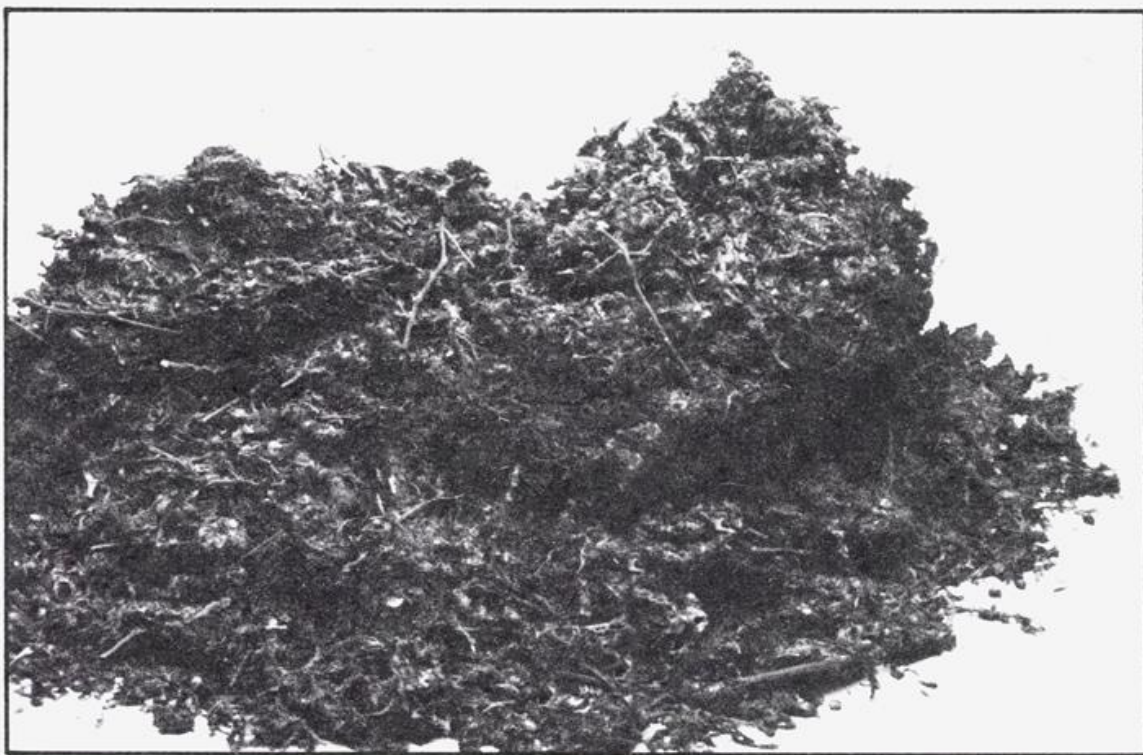
the problem at the source. With personal possession of more than 28 grams of *maracachafa* still illegal, people caught moving large quantities of it would be subject to the same penalties as smugglers of coffee, cattle, American cigarettes and alcohol: 3 to 12 months in jail, fines and—most significant—confiscation of the contraband. Thus, unlicensed transporters of marijuana would naturally find it more expedient to work with the government, under a proposed arrangement to be called the "Atlantic Bond," sponsored by the Bank of the Republic. Under this arrangement, *marimba* money would be legitimately cycled into businesses and development projects designed to provide more respectable sources of incoming capital for the Colombian economy.

To put the best possible face on things, mainly for the U.S. State Department, ANIF also proposes to use *marimba* money to mount a broad national "educational program" about the possible health hazards of smoking marijuana or tobacco and of drinking alcohol. Noting an epidemic of alcoholism throughout the nation, ANIF

proposes that a 10 percent tax on alcohol and cigarette advertising be used to initiate this campaign.

ANIF president Samper's complicated presentation appeared to mightily impress the Atlantic congressmen. These politicians are acutely aware, as representatives of the source-site for the Barranquilla-to-Miami *marimba* connection, of the terrific complexity of the issue. However, they must proceed as conservatively as possible in legalizing marijuana so as not to provoke some horrified and self-righteous reaction from the American government, which terms pot a "moral" problem.

On the other hand, they need to move with considerable expedition on the issue. Colombians are well aware of the situation in Bolivia, where a cocaine-weakened economy finally fell totally apart last year and prompted a takeover by vicious right-wing military goons with established coke-mob connections. As long as cocaine is treated as illegal contraband, the fascists will be running Bolivia. ANIF, obviously, is anxious to keep the same thing from happening to Colombia.





# NASHVILLE TOP COP WANTS DEALERS FRIED

Pot dealers in Nashville are lookin' over their shoulders and tightenin' up security. If you're lookin' to buy weed there, you'd better know somebody. Police chief Joe Casey, a man with a hard heart and a truckload of misguided opinions, is the cause of the paranoia; he wants to give dealers the chair.

That's right, the electric

chair—fry 'em dead. Chief Casey's had it with all that wishy-washy, hair-splittin' hogwash goin' around that marijuana is different from heroin and other "hard" drugs; he knows better. "I think the penalty ought to be the electric chair and it ought to be used," Chief Joe told reporters recently. "People may call me horrible, cruel and

hard old chief, but it's hard to see parents look at their child and go through what they have to go through, because some no good scum of the earth has got their child hooked on drugs."

Now, Chief Joe, he's a fair man. He don't wanna go and waste all the electricity on anybody who's peddlin' a few nickel bags to his buddies—he wants to save that for the real scalliwags: "You catch a person selling it to a minor and he ought to be electrocuted because, in essence, he has killed that person. He has destroyed that person's life." And third-time offenders, Joe wants to see them sizzle too; and "the big, big dealers—people who bring it into the country." So anybody who was plannin' on smugglin' drugs into Nashville from foreign countries better watch out.

The chief, he knows—never mind how he knows, he just knows—that pot is just as vicious as any other narcotic. "It takes people a little bit longer to get hooked on mari-

juana," Mr. Casey allowed, "but these people who sit there and tell you it's not harmful and won't hurt you don't know what they're talking about."

And paraphernalia shops; them rolling papers and water pipes, they lead straight to addiction too. It's a cryin' shame. "If I owned a store," Chief Casey said, "I wouldn't want to live with the thought that I had sold something to a young person that had led that young person to getting hooked on narcotics."

Ask the chief, go ahead and ask him, he'll tell you. You touch one of them things they call joints, and first thing you know, you want another one. Then you're pumpin' that heroin into your arms and rapin' babies. "People say one won't hurt, but before you know it, they are hooked," declared the chief.

Now, don't get the wrong idea. The chief has never tried the stuff himself; nobody's ever even offered it to him. They know better.



"Horrible, cruel and hard old" Chief Joe Casey.

## "COCAINE COWGIRL" SINGS THE BLUES

Lydia Cardona, 34, who a federal prosecutor claims "heads what could be Colombia's biggest drug ring involved in the importation of cocaine into the United States," was arrested in Miami in mid December. Pleading for a reduction in her record \$5-million bail, she told the court through an interpreter, "I'm an unemployed widow with four small children who need me. I live off a very small business and some property left to me by my husband."

Authorities, meanwhile, insist she heads a "mostly fe-

male" gang that smuggles vast quantities of Colombian blow and leaves a trail of homicides in its wake. Prosecutor Jim McMasters charged that since Cardona's husband was murdered two years ago in a New York drug deal, she has expanded his three-man operation into a tightly run 150-member organization.

"People who deviate from her rules are liable to be found very dead," said Miami narc Bob Lamont. "The softest part of that little lady is her teeth."

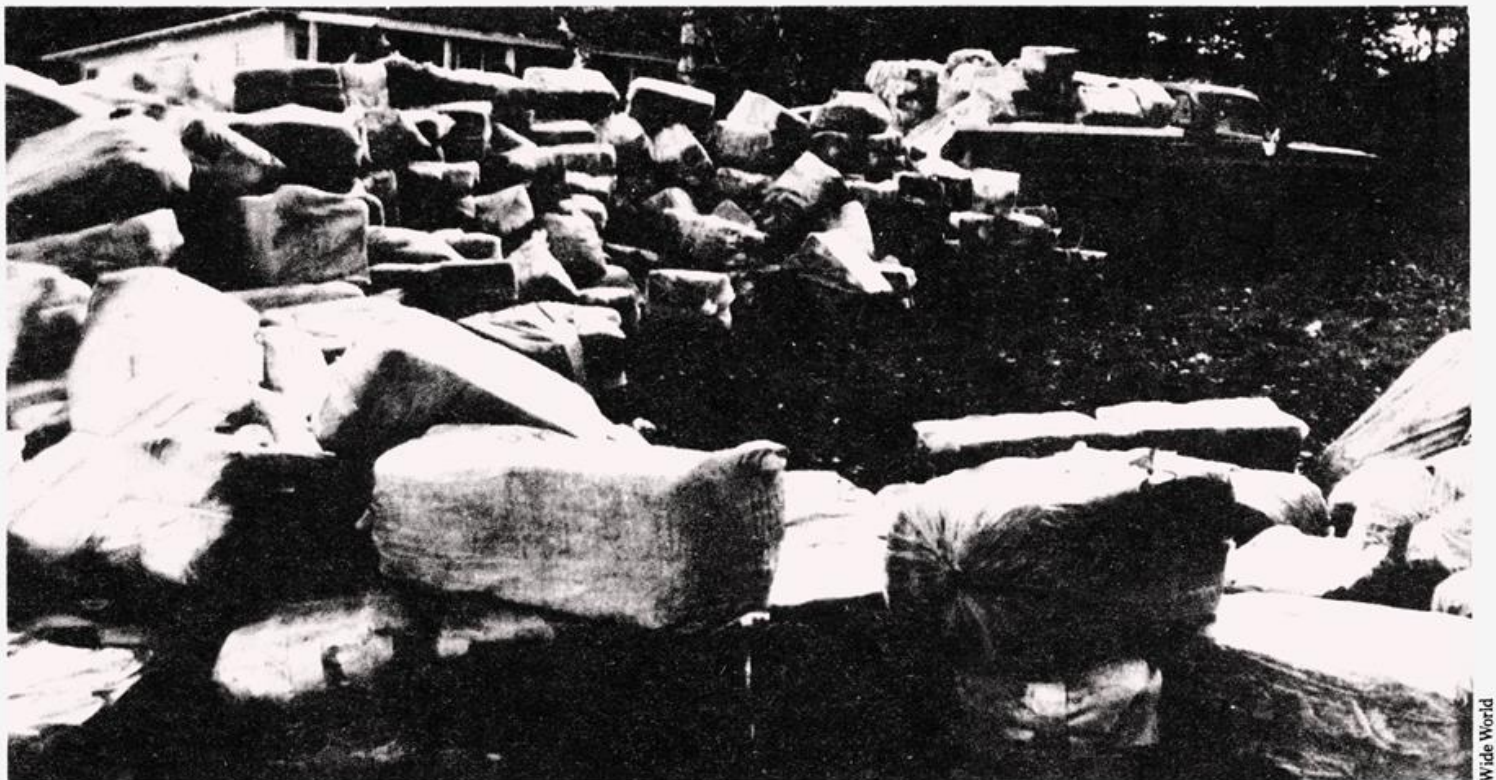
## HAIGHT CLINIC TO EXPLORE DRUGS AND SEX

The Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic will hold a four-day conference at the end of April on the effects of drugs on human sexual function. The prime area of consideration will be prescription medications taken by people who suffer from chronic medical conditions like high blood pressure, diabetes and emotional depression.

People for whom such medications are prescribed usually have to take them daily for long periods, and many of these drugs—beta blockers, antidepressants, amphetamines and so on—have the long-term effect of reducing sexual appetite and responsiveness. Some drugs also work in women to disrupt normal menstrual functions, to reduce fertility or sexual responsiveness, or to harm fetuses in the womb.

The conference, to be held at the Jack Tar Hotel in San Francisco April 27-30, will be open to any interested persons. Featured speakers will include Dr. Edward Brecher, addressing "Sex and Drugs: an Historical Perspective," and Stanton Peele on "Love, Sex and Drugs, and Other Magical Solutions to Life." Seminars will be held for doctors, nurses and health-care advisers, presenting the latest information on how drugs physically work to disrupt sex function, and the ways to minimize or eliminate these unwholesome side effects. Revised and alternative therapies for many of these medical conditions have been studied and tried out at the Haight Clinic and have been found to be effective and successful.





Wide World

**Coptics Popped Again:** Not long after the Ethiopian Zion Coptic Church, based in Miami, lost its plea before the U.S. Supreme Court for the free ritual use of marijuana, the sect found itself in hot water again. Shown here is part of more than 34 tons of weed confiscated by federal, state and local authorities on an estate in Stonington, Maine; among the 24 people arrested here and at a chicken farm in nearby Stockton Springs were eight alleged members of the church. Authorities said five of them were fugitives in an earlier Florida Coptic drug case. The bust came down as the weed was being off-loaded from a 72-foot trawler. Several people were believed to have escaped in the raid, which was conducted by a mere 15 narcs.

## DOC CHARGED IN PHILLIES 'SCRIP SCHEME

by Harry Wasserman

A Reading, Pennsylvania, physician and two accomplices have been accused in Pennsylvania state court of illegally prescribing and purchasing amphetamines, using the names of five Philadelphia Phillies, an ex-Phillie and two Phillies wives. The names of Phillies Steve Carlton, Pete Rose, Greg Luzinski, Randy Lerch, Larry Christenson, ex-Phillie Tim McCarver and wives Jean Luzinski and Sheena Bowa, Larry Bowa's wife, allegedly appeared on 23 prescriptions from 1978 to 1980, accounting for 2,630 pills.

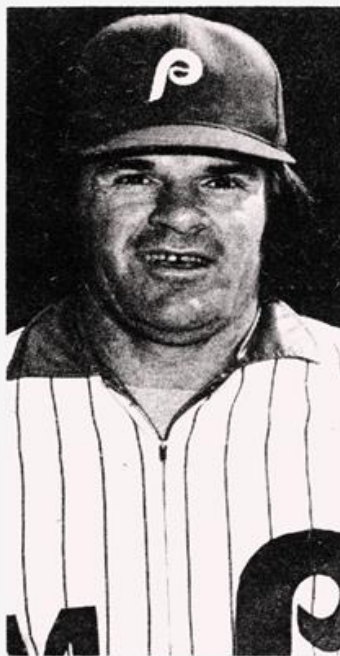
The state charged Dr. Patrick Mazza, unofficial doctor for the Phillies' Reading farm club, with writing prescriptions "beyond the scope of the doctor-patient relationship, including prescribing drugs without first conducting the medical examination."

Robert L. Masley and his son Robert M. Masley were charged with fraudulently obtaining the amphetamines at

four Reading pharmacies by claiming they represented the Phillies. The state said there was "no evidence" that any of the Phillies or their wives knew their names were being used on the prescriptions. Alleight have said they received no pills from Dr. Mazza and that they didn't even have a doctor-patient relationship with him. According to the state's justice department, all eight will testify for the prosecution.

Phillies owner Joseph J. Buzas claimed Mazza's contact with the farm team has been limited for the past few years, and Phillies executive vice-president Bill Giles contended the Masleys have little or no contact with the farm team, that they're just boosters and sell group tickets.

The Pennsylvania Justice Department's investigation of Mazza and the Masleys was first revealed in a *Trenton Times* story calling the Masleys "runners" who would then distribute the speed to the Phillies. Several of the



Pete Rose



Steve Carlton

Phillies whose names were mentioned as being on the prescriptions complained to the media at the time that the

*Trenton Times* inaccurately linked them to the case, and some even ceased talking to the press at all for a while.



## THE OAKLAND HEROIN WARS

# GANGS BATTLE OVER SKAG TERRITORY

Heroin dealing has never been a very gentlemanly profession but rarely does it turn as vicious as it has this past year in Oakland, California, where two distribution gangs have been shooting and strangling each other for control of the city's highly profitable trade. At war are the Mob, which once claimed a virtual monopoly on heroin street sales in Oakland, and the Family, which over the past two years has parlayed a huge supply of Middle Eastern heroin into a takeover of large chunks of the Mob's former territory.

Trouble began last January when 26-year-old Felix Mitchell, reputed kingpin of the Mob, returned to Oakland from two years of self-imposed exile in Los Angeles, following a bust for possession of heroin. Though he had beaten the charge, Mitchell apparently wanted to avoid future problems by disassociating himself from his gang.

In his absence, the Family had made quick inroads into Mob territory. Not only was the Family tough and well organized, it specialized in the much-preferred "Persian" smack that has been flooding the San Francisco Bay area as a consequence of political turmoil in the Golden Crescent (Iran, Afghanistan and Pakistan). With Mitchell's return to Oakland, the Mob began to push its Mexican heroin more aggressively. Soon runners began wearing bullet-proof vests and bodies of likely drug-war victims were being found in the Oakland hills.

Nobody knows just how many victims the drug war has claimed. Gang members don't wear uniforms or dog tags, and their memberships are continuously changing. Though many of their top people are known to police, there are far too many gang members—at least 100—for Oakland's little seven-officer narc squad to keep track of.

"Every time a body is found along a road up in the hills, there's a good chance it was related [to the drug war]," says Sgt. Larry Rodrigue, "but there's no way to know for sure."

Not usually. But there were six slayings over a four-day period last August about which there could be little doubt.

The first murder appears to have been a case of mistaken identity: Vendetta Davis, 19, identified by police as the sister of the girl friend of a top lieutenant in the Family, was killed August 2 when the Mercedes Benz she was driv-

ing was sprayed with bullets. The car was registered to the alleged gang member's father, and police assume Vendetta's killer mistook her for her sister.

Two days later Anthony Bowling, identified by police as a member of the Family, was gunned down on a street corner in Berkeley, which borders Oakland. Charles Dorsey, identified as a member of the Mob, was arrested and

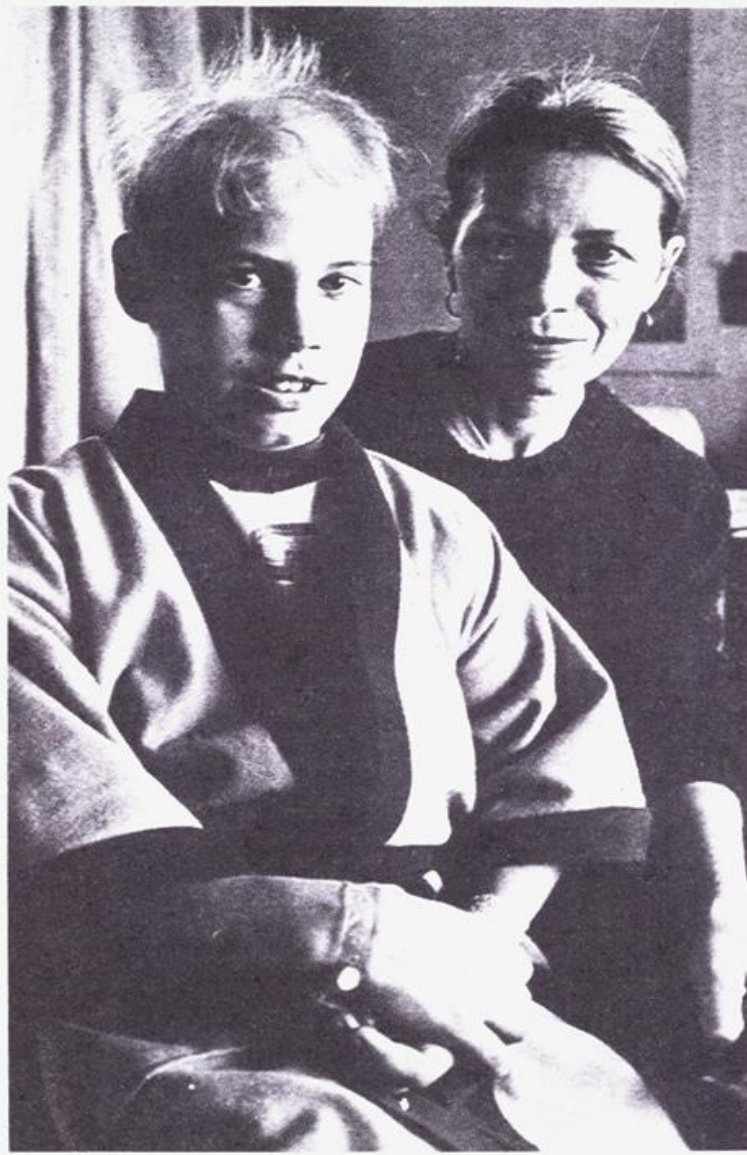
charged with murder.

Two days after that, Duran T. Moore, identified by police as an enforcer for the Mob, was shot to death while sitting in his car in Oakland. That same day the bodies of two men and a woman were found by joggers in the Oakland hills. There were plastic bags over their heads and, according to the coroner, they had been strangled. The men, Rickie and Roger Walker, ages 25 and 17, were brothers and were identified by police as members of the Family. The woman, Sandra Adamson, 21, was the girl friend of a third Walker brother.

The drug war may have claimed three more victims in November, when Virgil Brandle, 44, and girl friend Christine Jameson, 27, were riddled with bullets in an Oakland motel room. (It was counted as a triple murder because Jameson was eight and a half months pregnant.)

There could be little doubt that Brandle was dealing. He had recently done two years in prison for helping smuggle and distribute 600 pounds of Mexican heroin, and several witnesses said there was a lot of day and night traffic through his motel room up to the time of his death. Whether he and Jameson and her unborn child were casualties of the drug war is not known. Local newspapers connected Brandle to the Family, but police say they have no evidence to support the connection.

If they cannot be officially counted as casualties of the continuing drug war, they can certainly be counted among those recently killed by the Oakland hard-drug trade. In that category, they are three among many. Just how many drug-related murders Oakland has had in recent years nobody knows, but homicide sergeant Steve Todar estimates that they account for 70 percent of all killings in the city. Drug-related murders include not only the casualties in disputes between dealers, but also casualties of disputes between dealers and users, and killings by addicts trying to raise money to feed their habits.



**Child Cancer Victim Denied Therapeutic Pot:** SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA—Twelve-year-old John Beames, a victim of a form of cancer known as non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, shown here with his mother, Alice Mark, cannot take weed, even if it eases his pain. When John's father, Edward Beames, found two half-smoked joints in the boy's hospital room, he turned them over to police. Ms. Mark, who claimed the pot eased her son's nausea and made it possible for him to eat during chemotherapy treatment, admitted supplying the medicine.





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# NORML REVIVES!

## OPTIMISM PREVAILS AS POT LOBBY ENTERS SECOND DECADE

The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws emerged in December from its tenth-anniversary conference in Washington, D.C., with renewed energy and a belief among most conferees that the time of financial desperation and organizational disarray was over. George Farnham, NORML's new political director and the member of the new national executive staff with the most tenure, said following the conference that he now felt the lobby group was "more structurally sound, more financially stable than at any time in the last five years."

After a period of neglect, born of the dulled-out Carter years, NORML was on the ropes, financially and otherwise, by June 1980. It was at that point that Gordon Brownell, a reformed Reagan Republican and refugee of the Nixon White House, was brought in to whip things back into shape. Brownell's organizational skill and dedicated energies for the pot cause served NORML well, and, according to most activists in the fold, he deserves primary credit for breathing new life into the ailing national lobby. When praises were offered at the conference afternoon luncheon for those who had helped put NORML back on its feet, Brownell received a standing ovation; and it was a testament to the healing of old wounds that among those applauding and nodding was veteran Yippie Dana Beal.

The Washington conference marked the installation of a new set of national staffers with a fresh division of responsibilities and the first meeting of NORML's fledgling ruling body, the National Policy Committee. The policy committee, a general assembly of the organization's ranking members and consulting legal and medical experts, is expected to establish overall goals, strategy and tactics while a troika of national executives executes their will. Brownell will chair the committee and will continue to work as a consultant with the California chapter.

NORML's new executive director is Jim Hall, a seasoned administrator with five and a half years' experience as national director of the Theta Xi fraternity. Hall is new to the marijuana issue and was hired by the national screening committee largely because of his managerial skills and the perceived necessity of maintaining a tight rein on NORML's business, fund-raising and communications functions. Hall will not have the degree of authority formerly granted the now-dissolved office of national director.

Washington attorney George Farnham, who has been active in NORML for about five years, will hold down the number two position as political director. He

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J- 25



**In Shallow Water:** When a Coast Guard cutter went to the aid of the *Tysfjord*, a vessel of Norwegian registry that had run aground off the Louisiana coast, they found it loaded with 40 tons of *marimba*. A shotgun-toting Coast Guardsman is shown here watching over some of the 11 Colombians arrested in the seizure. Two Anglos, thought to be Americans, were said to have been on board as well but had left in search of a tugboat to free the *Tysfjord*. They never returned.

will serve as the registered lobbyist, take charge of public education and confer on legal matters. It was Farnham who wrote NORML's two recent major lawsuits against the overflights of the Sinsemilla Strike Force and government use of parquat to wipe out pot crops.

The third member of the administrative triumvirate is Legal Director Kevin Zeese. A recent graduate of George Washington University Law School, Zeese has worked for the last two years as an assistant to departing legal director Peter Meyers. The legal seminar was one of the most energetic and businesslike activities of the December conference and attracted such majestic mouthpieces as Richard Ben-Veniste, Dominic Gentile, Michael Kennedy, Gerald Lefcourt and the irrepressible Mike Stepanian. Out of it came the conviction that NORML's national office must become a more active legal-resource center and clearinghouse for current information on drug and civil-liberties litigation. According to Zeese, he has already begun expanding his legal cataloging, and his office will be assembling an updated narc profile to help protect potential bustees. Also, because of the success of the December seminar, another midyear gathering is being contemplated.

Among the issues widely discussed at the conference, and which NORML activists expect to pursue in the coming year are: widespread antiparaphernalia legislation, recruitment of active members and support of efforts to make pot available for therapeutic use. NORML will also become more vocal, according to Hall, in its opposition to the use of pot and other drugs "by growing children."

Hall described the conference as "extremely successful," adding that "a variety of issues and questions any organization with growing pains faces had to be resolved within the last two months. They've been resolved, and I think the people at the conference left with a sense of a new beginning."

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# ANTIDRUGGIES FREAK OUT IN GOTHAM

continued from page 19

the public mind, H.G. Wells and Bertrand Russell.

All of this, of course, was something of a charade, a Trojan horse, a front for recruiting converts to the arcane social philosophy of Lyndon LaRouche, failed presidential candidate and guru to the cultlike U.S. Labor Party. LaRouche, you may remember, formed his own kooky left-wing National Caucus of Labor Committees after he was booted out of Students for a Democratic Society. NCLC became the U.S. Labor Party at roughly the same time as LaRouche shifted its politics from zany far left to zany far right. These days LaRouche is reaching out to the masses through front groups that attack not only drugs but other elements of that heinous conspiracy to subvert Western civilization as well: jazz, blues, rock 'n' roll, pornography, sex education and the antinuke movement.

So, playing on the legitimate concerns of black and Latino citizens about the drug (mostly heroin) problems of their communities, the LaRoucheites had conned a few of the unsuspecting into showing up for this gathering at LaSalle Junior High. But things swiftly got weird as the Anti-Druggies harangued the assembled about the diseased, degenerate,

demoniac, driving scum that are sinking this society.

Throughout the meeting, a battalion of photographers prowled the aisles, snapping pictures everywhere—Click! Click! Click!—recording the faces of all present ... perhaps for use in those elaborate Computron computer systems. (The hierarchy of the wealthy Computron corporation is peopled with LaRoucheites and the software firm has long been suspected of serving as conduit for funds to support Labor Party activities.) Snapshots to identify interlopers and spies, to build dossiers on the bedeviled villains. It was no place to be if you ever toked a joint, popped a pill, or leafed lecherously through *Penthouse*.

Featured speaker Ed Christian, assistant medical examiner of the city of Philadelphia, unspooled before the amazed audience a catalog of horrors, his "now famous" slide show of moribund "drug victims"—bloated kidneys, swollen livers, blood-engorged brains; sliced open and displayed in reeking Kodachrome splendor. The screen glowed and festered with mug shots from the morgue and a gallery of nude corpses, with eyes and female nipples discreetly scratched out.

Barrel-chested Mr. Christian narrated horror after horror in his growling, raspy voice (the penalty, he confessed, of years

of three-pack-a-day nicotine ingestion): a 12-year-old glue sniffer, his pituitary glands run amok, growth permanently stunted; a 16-year-old girl "with the reproductive organs of a 23-year-old woman." And he swore that, hidden away in the depths of Philadelphia's hospitals, were other sights too loathsome to even contemplate: freakish babies born to pothead parents with extra eyes in the middle of their foreheads, legs protruding from their rear ends, obscene fingers wriggling from their armpits.

And if Christian's slides weren't enough, Carol White, bespectacled dynamo of an ex-math teacher, reeled off a tale of the hideous underworld conspiracy that wrought all this. She had pieced together (at \$4.95 a copy) the chronicle of an ungodly plot, masterminded by the bestial *British*!

"The *British*..." You heard it everywhere at the conference. "The *British*," a snarled, guttural epithet. No crime was too sordid for these insatiable fiends. They had their thumbs up every shadowy anus.

They were even behind Lennon's death. The convoluted motive: to convert their Liverpudlian puppet into a martyr for the sinister counterculture conspiracy of sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll. They had their pinky-pointing hands in the heroin trade, New York real estate, pornography, you

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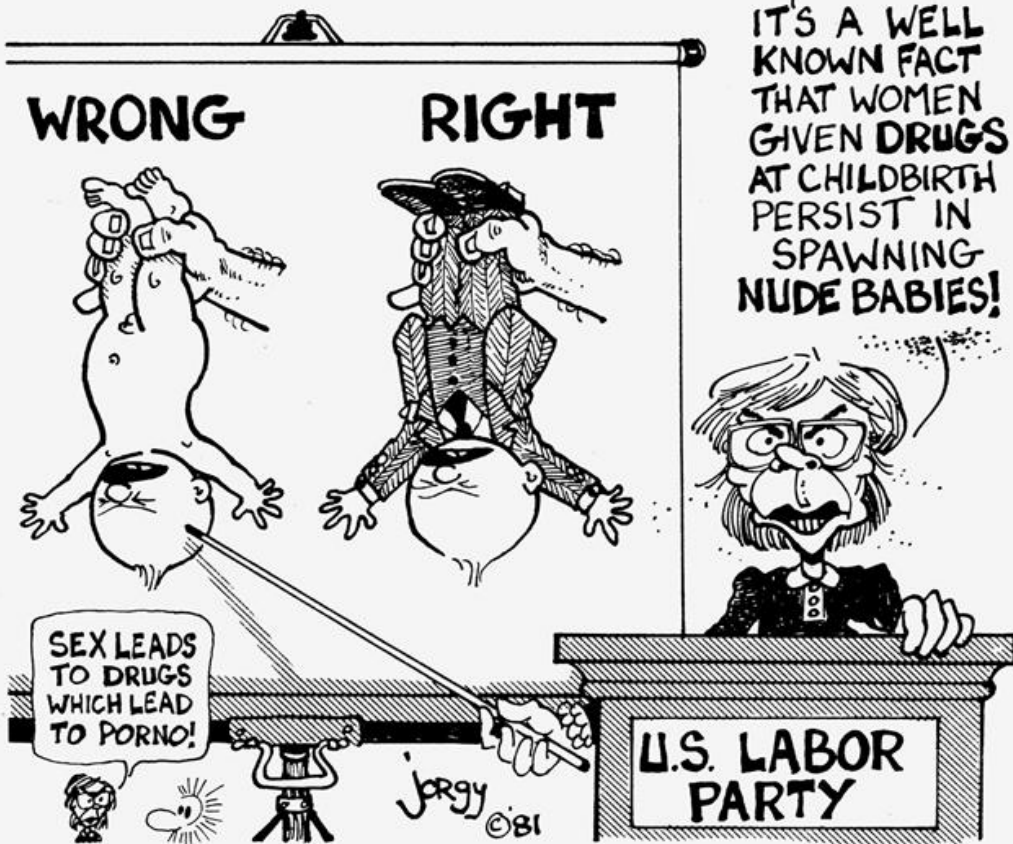
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name it. "The British"—evil incarnate. The cultists choked out a knowing laugh when the late Beatle was referred to cryptically as "John London."

But the explosion came later when emcee Allen Salisbury loudly announced the sinister presence of "one of the leading proponents of drug use" in the New York

Police Department, Paul Gorman of the Community Affairs Section. They taunted him, threatened to "make him famous" as a symbol of police corruption. His jaw dropped in disbelief. Gorman may have come with a camera, but he was suddenly surrounded; they had him outcameraed a dozen to one. As he rose angrily from his chair, an Anti-Drug paparazzo caught him square in his sights. Gorman flipped him the bird and focused back. They squared off, began clicking furiously at each other. Another paparazzo circled in from Gorman's rear. Click! Flash! Pop! Undaunted, Gorman knelt, still snapping away. The speakers hurled accusations.

"I have a right to speak!" Gorman roared, incensed, charging the stage with trenchcoat flapping.

"Pushers have no right to speak!" his tormentors shouted back. The audience whooped and cheered. Finally, Gorman strode out in a huff.

In the end, that solid citizen Ed Christian had the last word. Asked by a listener how an alarmed citizenry could combat the Menace of Drugs, he replied with a bit of sage counsel: "Now, this is strictly off the record," he rasped. "But there are alternative ways of dealing with this problem. Other methods. This is off the record, you understand. But there have been head shops burned down, cars forced over, people met with a tire iron wrapped in newspapers. Now, I want you to understand, I'm not advocating violence, but there are alternatives. This is off the record, you understand."

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# SMUGGLER'S MOON SHINES ON MIAMI AGAIN

The dope-bust figures for fiscal year 1980 have just been released, displaying a dramatic increase in activity in the southeast smuggler's corridor. Last year, for the first time in a decade, the feds busted less dope than they had the year before; this year it's back to business as usual.

U.S. Customs flacks say that in the Miami region—including North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands—their D-men seized 1.5 million pounds of pot, 3,908

purveyors giving up their Dom Perignon for Wild Turkey on about the third day. Tough shit.

Part of the pressure on the Cal sinse stems from the marketing of good weeds from other states, often sold as Golden State pot, that looks and smokes as good as the original. As the agricultural lag between the other states and California diminishes, the long-dominant Cal sinse will lose its glamour and some of its high price.

The big news from Cal last year was the emergence of Southern California as a major dope-growing area. Gourmands say the pot tends to be a little harsher, a little spindlier, but just as good and, ultimately, maybe better. SC also has the added advantage of being prime peyote growing country. Housebuttons are \$1.50 each for huge, two-ounce buttons. One gets you going; two get you off.

Comparing notes...were sinse gourmands during the recent NORML formal in Washington, D.C. Rarely do pot smokers of such affluence and geographical dispersion gather, and when they do you can be sure there's a buffet of the finest pots available. More than a score of states were represented in the stash sweepstakes, including some oddballs from Gary, Indiana, and Canada. If any of the national dope lobby heavies present ever had any doubt that sinsemilla would be a nationally available phenomenon, they were clearly reeducated. Most surprising was the universality of pricing, with Iowa heads paying the same prices as their big-city brethren for a Z of primo sinse—about \$135-\$175 depending on quality. Perhaps NORML will eventually form a subcommittee on sinse to address the special needs and problems faced by domestic growers. At present their focus continues to be on consumer legalization and decriminalization.

Fool's flake...is what they're calling the synthetic blow making the rounds in California. There are two kinds: pharmaceutical synthetic, manufactured by Sandoz in Europe and imported to the United States, and a bathtub reproduction of the synthetic. The good news is that underground chemists can cheaply and accurately reproduce the pharmaceutical product; the bad news is that neither is worth a shit. The reason, as pointed out in this column when the synthetic blow made its debut a few months ago, is that while the synthetic product has many of the anesthetic qualities of its real-life counterpart, it doesn't have the high, supposedly attributable to the synergistic effects of several minute alkaloids present in the natural form but not in the synthetic. The synthetic has been selling at below the cost for most top-notch "natural" toot, about \$1,800 an ounce, with dealers hoping to dig into the coke market. Few seem interested.

## TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

pounds of cocaine with a street value of \$1 billion (82 percent of the national total), 4,000 pounds of hash and 23 million pills, mostly ludes. In the Miami area alone nearly a million pounds of pot bit the dust. Along with this went \$3.6 million in cash, 231 vehicles and 143 aircraft. Also seized were 1,242 seagoing vessels, though some were grabbed in connection with the Cuba boatlift.

These figures are not the total for the region, since it doesn't include confiscations by local authorities. In recent months these locals have been making quite a dent; in Georgia two busts of 80 tons each made envious customs narcs drool.

**Trouble in Paradise Again:** Avaricious Hawaiian growers and dealers are starting to clear the gold dust from their eyes. A fellow traveler on the pot trail recently paid \$120 for two ounces of "small but tasty Kauai buds," grown near Kapaa. Single ounces were \$80. A year ago the asking price on the same smoke was around \$200 an ounce.

The Hawaiians for years had priced their pot like OPEC oil ministers, gouging the public for whatever the market would bear. Like rock stars and Yippie celebrities, the Hawaiian growers proved to the world once again not only that the dream is over, but that the dreamers can be just as greedy as any Gould or Rockefeller. Long hair, brown rice and jogging trails just make it easier to avoid notice.

**Troubles in Purgatory:** Hopefully, the lessons learned by the Hawaiians will soon be shared by Californians. It was Californians who first quadrupled the going rate for a pound of good pot, from \$500 to \$2,000, and they didn't even have to smuggle it across the Caribbean. Consumers may have heard enough get-rich-quick stories about California growers; a grass-roots protest against pound prices is beginning to take effect. The price on one load of Southern Cal weed dropped \$100 a day during one week this winter, its



# TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS

## AUSTRALIA

Queensland "border" sticks	homegrown king	one	12-16
Mullumbimby madness	uncultivated but cute	oz	900
Colombian pot	hardly any	lb	5-25
Thai sticks	super but sparse	oz	40-100
New Zealand homegrown	super but sparse	lb	75-225
Putty hash	Lebanese	oz	800-1200
Nepalese fingers	Frankenstein critic's choice	lb	15-20
Indian hash oil	at times primo	oz	1000-1200
Mushrooms	wild	lb	75
LSD	Korean "tiles"	oz	600-750
Mandrax	still easy	lb	210-250
Cocaine	even in cowboy country	oz	2800-3000

## CANADA

Commercial Colombian	leafy but tasty	oz	55-75
Gold and red Colombian	gone faster than a speeding bullet	lb	600-800
Hawaiian buds	aloha	oz	100-150
Mexican tops	a few in season	lb	1000-1200
California sinsemilla	available to many	oz	325-350
Homegrown pot	mild	lb	2800-3600
Hash	headscratcher red and blond Leb	oz	50-85
LSD	your choice	lb	450-650
Mandrax	Brian Jones's favorite	oz	200-275
Cocaine	look out for Bigfoot	lb	2000-2600

## COLOMBIA

Santa Marta golds, reds	short season again	oz	10-15
Commercial domestic	buy the plantation	lb	60-100
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	2-5
Hash oil	a lost cause	lb	30-80
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	8-25
Cocaine	lots of lines	lb	100-225

## DENMARK

Imported weed	commie 'lombo	oz	75-125
Homegrown pot	not bad	kilo	1250-3750
Moroccan hash	passable	oz	free to \$10
Lebanese hash	conventioneer's choice	oz	50-100
Black Afghani hash	top banana	kilo	1000-2000
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	60-120
Cocaine	brisk market	oz	1200-2200

## ENGLAND

African grass	dedicated potheads only	oz	90-100
Colombian grass	down to a trickle	lb	750-1000
Kashmir twist sticks	small but good	oz	100-175
Thai sticks	great, rare	lb	850-1200
Homegrown	shaping up as record year	oz	10
Jamaican pot	lots on the reggae circuit	lb	110-130
Black Kashmir hash	high tide	oz	15-25
Moroccan hash	cheaper than ever	oz	free to 50
Paki black hash	extraordinaire	lb	100-350
Nepal temple ball hash	world's finest	oz	100-125
Hash oil	palpable, palatable	lb	800-1050
LSD	considerable of late	oz	100-150
Cocaine	scarce but there	oz	60-85
Mandrax	limey 'ludes	oz	750-1000

## ECUADOR

Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly, not that much	lb	60-100
Sierra buds	passable	oz	15-25
Esmeraldas swamp grass	the worst	lb	200
Cocaine base	lots	oz	6-10
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	lb	70-100
LSD	traded for blow	oz	2-4

## FRANCE

African pot	dominates weed market	gr	2.50-3
Colombian pot	extremely rare	oz	65-80
Moroccan hash	several flavors	oz	75-100
Lebanese hash	fresh and fragrant	gr	6-8
Lebanese kif	known as "zero-zero"	oz	90-110
LSD	pyramids, red stars, dots, blots	gr	8-12
Speed	hot on the punk scene	oz	100-125
Cocaine	and long Parisian nights	gr	10

## JAPAN

Colombian pot	scarce, feeble	oz	120-300
Philippine pot	expanding market	lb	1200-1600
Homegrown	around, not bad	oz	45-50
Thai sticks	fresh and pungent	lb	500-600
Buddha sticks	rarity, superb	oz	90-120
Hokkaido sticks	handsome but dumb	lb	900-1200
Philippine hash	superstar	oz	40-75
Lebanese hash	they love it here	oz	400-750
LSD	British imports	oz	40-60
Mushrooms	greenhouse excellent	gr	115-125
Opium	questionable advanced	gr	25-40
Cocaine	Japanese model	gr	300-375
Speed		gr	50

## MEXICO

Oaxacan tops	by the Bronco-full	oz	7-12
Mexican sinsemilla	much pollinated	lb	60-120
Acapulco gold	kick-ass fume	oz	5-10
Guerrero gold	muchos pesos when around	lb	50-80
Cocaine	don't be a chump	oz	10-20
Opium	searching for a market	lb	50-100

## THAILAND

Pattaya Beach buds	intoxicating sticks	ea	.50-.83
Loose buds	potency varies	lb	200-250
Philippine buds	hot new rising star	oz	150-250

## USA

Commercial Mexican	old faithful	oz	10-45
Top-grade Mexican	brief guest appearance	lb	100-435
Mexican sinsemilla	manana	oz	50-75
Jamaican	low seed count	lb	475-650
Jamaican sinsemilla	pretty respectable	oz	55-65
Commercial Colombian	holding steady	lb	500-600
Connoisseur Colombian	long ago and far away	oz	35-45
Thai sticks	needless packaging costs	lb	375-450
Loose Thai	foot-long buds	oz	70-100
Various Africans	smokes like rubber bands	lb	700-1000
Hawaiian	priced out of the market	oz	45-55
Moroccan hash	excellent head this season	lb	475-575
Lebanese hash	ubiquitous	oz	45-60
Black Afghani hash	watch for imposters	lb	600-675

Nepalese fingers	packed like Gatling gun suitcase stashes	oz	175-225
Paki hash	out of favor with buyers	lb	1700-2500
Hash oils	huge winter stock	oz	150
Psilocybin mushrooms, dried		gm	1350-1800
Peyote	"Country cowfreak's" many brand names	oz	35-65
LSD	pick a card, any card	oz	500-1000
Cocaine	some real bulldozers	oz	110-135
Methaqualone	best to analyze resurgence	gm	25-40
MDA	punchy	gm	200-500
Crosses and black beauts		oz	150-500
PCP		gm	150-300

## Domestic Sinsemilla

Humboldt county	gov't. inspected grade A choice	oz	140-175
Indicus red hair	par excellence	lb	1300-1750
Pago-pago	Southern Cal's new number	oz	140-175
Arkansas razor buds	beefy but great	lb	1350-1750
New York hydro-pot	sweet, lucid, surprisingly stony	oz	160-200
Bluebeard (origin unknown)	sticky as flypaper	oz	1500-2000
Afghani greenhouse	rocket ride	lb	175
Florida housepot	strong medicine	oz	1500-1750

## Alaska

Commercial Colombian	sometimes Mex	oz	50-65
Connoisseur Colombian	oilman's special	lb	500-650
Domestic weed	greenhouse variety okay	oz	85-100
Mexican weed	surfaces occasionally almost never	lb	650-900
Hawaiian	B-grade here; A-1 there	oz	15-35
Mainland sinsemilla	big mover	lb	75-175
Lebanese hash	trendy as sushi, tastes worse	oz	50-65
Hash oil	not much	lb	500-600
Cocaine	fluctuating mainland boots	oz	225-325
Methaqualone		lb	2250-3250
White cross		oz	225-300

## Hawaii

Puna buds	overrated, overpriced	oz	150-200
Kona gold	some real, some ?	lb	1500-1950
Mauna Loa	short supply	oz	150-200
Maui wowie	don't get ripped off	lb	1500-1900
LSD	dots and blots for cheap	oz	1500-1750
Mushrooms	not a big mover	lb	160-225
Cocaine	speedy relief	oz	1600-2300
Amphetamines		oz	2-4

## WEST GERMANY

Thai weed	4-inch sticks	one	10-20
Colombian pot	U.S. air express	oz	250-350
Moroccan hash	green slabs	oz	200
Lebanese hash	red and yellow	lb	1750-2500
Afghani hash	popular best-seller	gm	5-8
Manali hash (India)	gold-medal winner	oz	125-150
LSD	mikes, tiles and "Green Monster"	lb	7-12

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### MARIJUANA Grower's Guide



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**T**his was the way it started. Before the double wide rolling papers and spill proof water pipes and ceramic bong and gongs and things, it was the musicians who took up the weed we call marijuana and embraced it as theirs faster than you could say "Hi Dee Hi." Back then in depression-bound America, they called it "reefer" or "muggles" or "Mary Jane" or, in honor of the great reed man and an even greater righteous reefer distributor, "The Mighty Mezz."

For the jazz cats, reefer itself was righteous. Listen to Mezz Mezzrow from his autobiography "Really the Blues": *To us a muggle wasn't any more dangerous or habit-forming than those other great American vices, the five-cent coke and the ice cream cone, only it gave you more kicks for your money... With my loaded horn I could take on all the fist-swinging, evil things in the world and bring them together in perfect harmony, spreading peace and joy and relaxation to all the keyed-up and punchy people everywhere.*

So they became vipers—smokers of marijuana—with their own way of walking, and talking and dressing. And the muggles made them mellow

and gone, not loud and aggressive like the cats who were still bottle-babies, slave to the demon alcohol. No, Mary Jane had entered the scene, turned everyone's head around, and now it was only natural that she'd sneak into the music too: *We members of the viper school were for making music that was real foxy, all lit up with inspiration and her mammy, the Mezz said. What's in your hand is what they laid down.*

All the classic reefer tunes are here. Louis Armstrong's *Muggles* was the anthem along with Mezz's own *Sentin' the Vipers*. *Viper's Drag* by the great Fats Waller is familiar to anyone who ever saw a cartoon. Don Redman's *Chant of the Weed* was also high on the all-time Reefer Top Ten.

Then there are the unreleased gems. Bea Foote's *Weed* and Frankie Half Pint Jackson's *Willie the Weeper*. For the blues fan check out Jazz Gillum's brilliant *Reefer Head Woman* especially if your old lady got really stoned and burnt dinner. And for the aficionados of the powder, there's *Cocaine* by Dick Justice and *Cocaine Blues* by Luke Jordan.

An historic anthology. Grass didn't spring full bloom out of the Sixties. These cats had been there and back before Grace Slick took her first aspirin. So kick off your shoes, settle back into that comfy chair, get the papers, and stock up on the Twinkies. 'Cause the mess is here. Hi Dee Hi Dee Ho.

Larry Sloman  
Author of "Reefer Madness:  
The History of Marijuana in  
America," Bobbs-Merrill  
April 1979



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Weed Smokers Dream/Harlem Hamfats.  
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The Stuff Is Here/Georgia White.  
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Do You Dig My Jive/Sam Price and his Texas Blueicians.  
Ol' Man River/Cootie Williams and his Rug Cutters.  
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# INTERVIEW: HARLAN ANG POT by "R." PAPARAZZO

*Have you ever wondered what kind of sweet, glamorous, smoke-sated life dope photographers for HIGH TIMES lead? Do you get the feeling they do nothing but sit around their studios smoking up the centerfolds, waiting for editors to comb the earth and bring them more beautiful buds so they can mount them on satin or soft flesh and snap away in a sensual frenzy?*

Well, that may be true of the life some dope photographers lead, but Harlan Ang is an exception. He's like the big-game hunter of dope photographers: He's not content to sit around and wait for prized delicacies to be served up to his camera on silver platters; he's out there traveling the world to bag the big buds, trekking through the jungle, scoping out the far fields of Kenya, Hawaii, California and Thailand, getting down to the grass roots and getting into the culture and people who plant them.

He's not content with mere set-up studio shots; he likes to give us a feel for the whole field, for the living, breathing plant in its natural setting. He's the Ansel Adams of High Photography.

Of course, he likes to smoke the stuff as well as shoot it, and he has—more than most photographers—access to firsthand information about the latest trends in grower agricultural technology, in seed hybridization and in the subtle multiplicity of highs that result from the stoned obsessiveness of the mad scientists out there in the fields.

We were lucky enough to speak to him just after he'd gotten back from a grand tour of the harvests of Hawaii and Northern California, and he brought with him to the interview a bountiful bouquet of freshly harvested buds dripping resin and oozing aromatic exhalations of THC. It was a connoisseur's dream—a chance to sample the entire Pacific Basin harvest in one session and exchange informed opinions with a fellow tastemaker. We started out with a particularly fine Humboldt County

indica-sativa cross and some questions about the way Harlan got started in his image-taking, myth-making, dope-photographer profession.

**HIGH TIMES:** How did you get started in such a strange profession? Do you remember the first photo of dope that you took?

**ANG:** Yes, it was a school project in photography, back in '71. I did it on hashish from Lebanon; I got an A+ on it. The teacher really enjoyed it, and me and a friend got into pictures after that. We knew that dope would be part of the future and that we might as well take pictures and document it. Someone would call me up and say, Hey, I got a pound of hash. Come on over before it's sold. So I'd run over with my lights and my camera and—

**HIGH TIMES:** You became known as the official documentor of...

**ANG:** Any kind of dope that was good, people always called me, they bragged about it: Hey, smoke it and shoot pictures of it, man.

**HIGH TIMES:** So it was people who were proud of their dope. I've always wondered how you got access to all this dope that you get to take pictures of.

**ANG:** They were proud of their dope and the idea it could be recorded for history and the fact that maybe one day, possibly, it would be in a dope magazine or a dope book.

**HIGH TIMES:** People really get off on seeing their dope printed.

**ANG:** They flipped: "This is forever, you know. My dope forever. You did it."

**HIGH TIMES:** But on the other hand, they usually can't have their name attached to it.

**ANG:** No, my name's attached to it. Because it's a total paranoid thing. "Don't tell them where I live," you know. And I always joked that I left their address in the magazine. And there's always a sort of code name that goes with it. Everybody has names for their plants: their initials, "K.G.'s Big

Weed" or "B.R.'s bush."

**HIGH TIMES:** Have you kept a careful record of what you've taken, when and where?

**ANG:** I have a record maybe for the past five or six years but before that is very hazy.

**HIGH TIMES:** I know people really get off looking at great pictures of dope. Is there a high to taking the picture too?

**ANG:** Yeah, there's a high; being in a field of marijuana that's growing is an extreme high. Not only is the THC floating around and you're so engulfed by these big plants, but your awareness that you're the creature and they're the plant is really overwhelming and it's almost spiritual in a sense. Any good dope puts you in a good place and taking a picture of that same dope will put you in a good place.

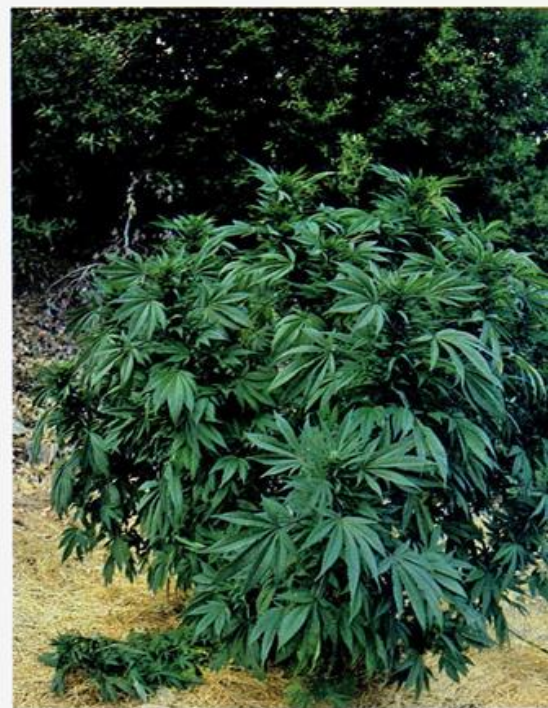
**HIGH TIMES:** Do you like to get high from the dope you're photographing when you're photographing it?

**ANG:** Usually afterward.

**HIGH TIMES:** Trouble focusing if you smoke before?

**ANG:** Well, focusing is no problem, but you might change lights or change setting and because of the short-term memory... forget to come back to it, take a bunch of pictures and go, Oh, shit. So I usually like to get high afterward. I get emotionally involved, too, taking pictures: setting something up, trying to see if it's all in focus, getting some of my sticks or nice buds in an artistic way with good color to it. Because that's most important—the contrast of colors and the sharpness of the colors brings out the beauty of the dope, makes dope photography more like art. Until dope photography, people really weren't aware how much of a rainbow of color was in most of their buds. Even in this brown-looking Mexican, it must have been a revelation for people to see all the little golds and greens there too.



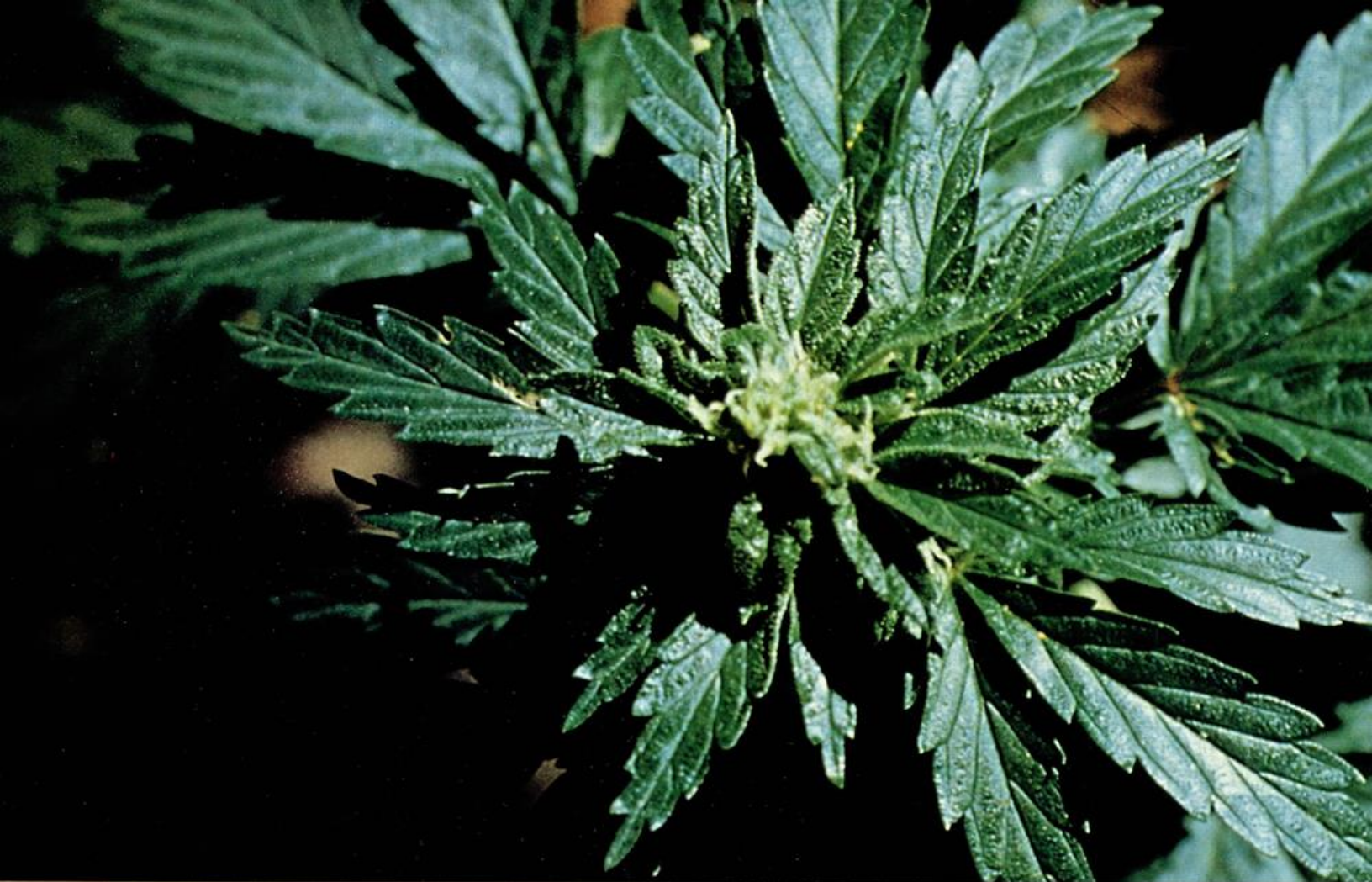


Clockwise from left: Red-haired grass; the psychedelic wizard's "Holy Cow" plant; Big Beachball Afghani indica seeds; some offerings from Amsterdam. Opposite: Can you spot the well-known dope photographer in this well-grown grass?

**"Any good dope puts you in a good place and taking a picture of that same dope will put you in a good place."**







**HIGH TIMES:** What was your first published dope picture?

**ANG:** It was in *HIGH TIMES*. It was a Thai stick.

**HIGH TIMES:** Did you get reaction from that? Did the people who provided the Thai...?

**ANG:** Oh, yes. It was like their baby made it to *HIGH TIMES*.

**HIGH TIMES:** What happens to this stuff after it's photographed? Does it get smoked? I have this image of this great life that you're leading where you go around smoking lots of great dope, meeting people and taking pictures...

**ANG:** I do. (Laughter.) Everything I've photographed I've smoked.

**HIGH TIMES:** It's part of the job?

**ANG:** Like yours too. (Laughter.)

**HIGH TIMES:** It's rough work. I think the people don't realize how tough it is. How hard we work.

**ANG:** Yes but sometimes your ego gets in the way of your evaluations.

**HIGH TIMES:** What do you mean by that?

**ANG:** Well, certain dope people may be hyping some shit that's fucking garbage, that I'm not going to take a picture of. I've schlepped my camera places and looked at the people and said, "Fuck you, you call me over here for this junk?"

**HIGH TIMES:** As a dope photographer you get to see and smoke a lot of new developments before most of us. You brought some pictures of a whole other subspecies of grass

called *Cannabis ruderalis* that used to be neglected but now is turning up as a connoisseur plant. What's the story?

**ANG:** *Ruderalis* means "roadside" in Latin. It's new to the U.S. market. I've taken a picture of *Cannabis ruderalis* but it was grown under optimal conditions two years ago. Its parents were Californian but its ancestors were originally from Afghanistan. Out of fifty plants in a field, two were strange. One was male and one was female so they were crossed. I've seen their child—a six-footer, very resinous, very stony but different smelling, different tasting, different looking. I guess a paper will be published on it sometime soon. That has been one of the more exciting things. I took a lot of pictures of that. A whole new breed of marijuana—that's sort of unique. Well, *indica* was a whole new breed of marijuana four years ago and now it's just hitting the market. This is something entirely different that may be made into something incredible after a while, through development of the growers, the breeders and cultivators.

**HIGH TIMES:** Can you tell us approximately where these pictures of *ruderalis* were taken?

**ANG:** They were taken in northern California.

**HIGH TIMES:** It looks like there are sprinklings of sugar crystals on the leaves.

**ANG:** Yes, that's the resin. That bottom one in particular is a magnified shot and you

can see the resin is developing differently on that plant than on other cannabis plants.

**HIGH TIMES:** Under magnification different resin patterns tell you things about the *ruderalis* plant?

**ANG:** Yeah, because in most plants resin starts off clear and then turns milky. This *ruderalis* is milky and turns clear afterward.

**HIGH TIMES:** How interesting. You've learned a lot about the visual clues a cannabis plant gives out.

**ANG:** Well, look at a bud; you can tell from the milkiness of the resin and other signs how fresh it is. You can actually look at your plants with a photo magnifier and tell when to pick by the amount of resin and what the resin looks like.

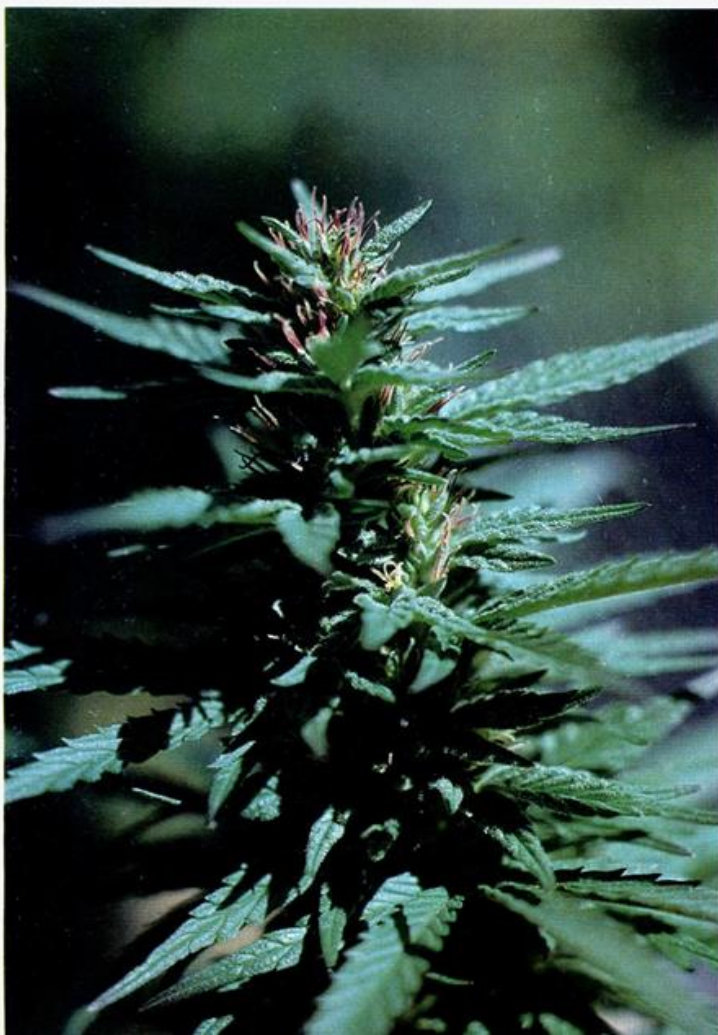
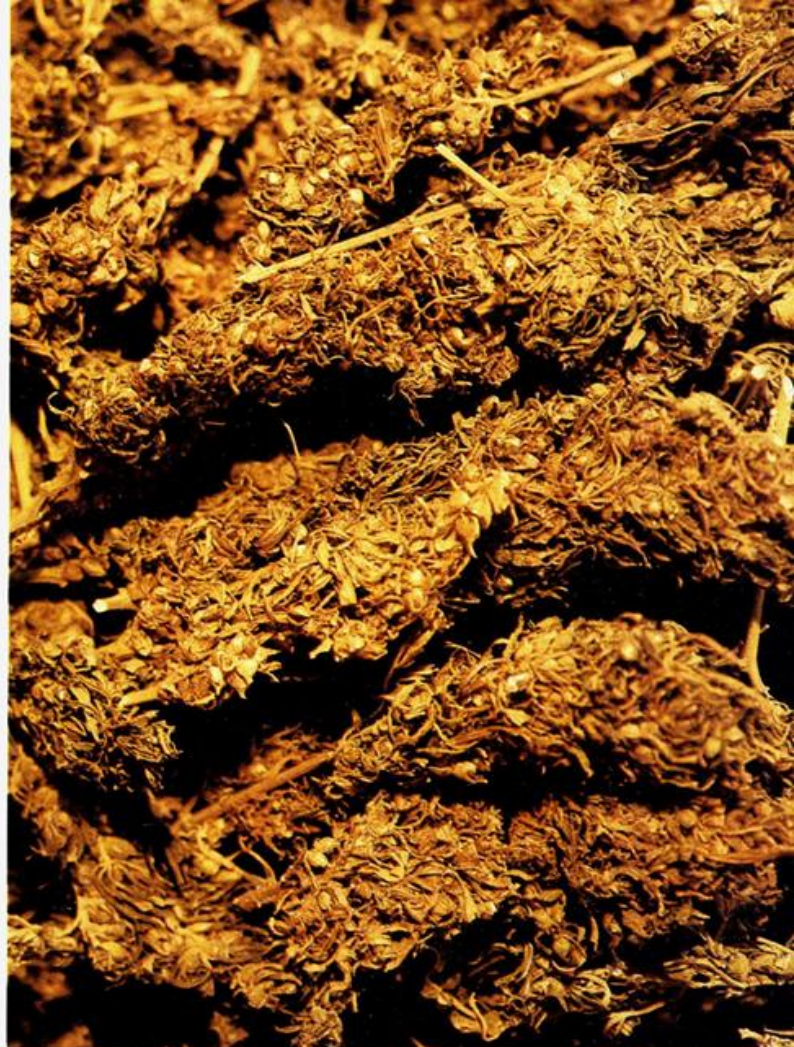
**HIGH TIMES:** What does the resin look like when it's ready to pick?

**ANG:** It's usually very crowded and very clear.

**HIGH TIMES:** If it's gone milky then you've waited too long?

**ANG:** A little bit too long for the clear stone high. Too long for the cerebral high that we call early pickings. The time of picking a plant is the most important factor of getting the high that you want. You can pick them early and get a very cerebral high and not a lot of weight and resin. And maybe not a deep taste like some people like. You can pick it in the middle where you're starting to get a deeper taste and the high is not as cerebral but it's very stony. And then you





Clockwise from top left: *Cannabis ruderalis*, *connoisseur* breed of an old weed; the gold of Mexico's Guerrero; purple skunk ('Al's Kush') shows its royal flush; a different kind of purple.

**"I talk to my plants as creatures. I just say hello and tell them they're beautiful and that I'll be smoking them eventually."**





Above: *Real Thai* photographed in Thailand.  
Right: Laotian sticks in a Vientiane market.  
Opposite: Bhangi smoker in Kenya jungles.

**“Back then you could get  
killer Thai sticks for fifty  
cents—dripping. You  
threw them against the  
wall and they’d stick.”**





can pick it late and get a really resinous taste—deep, good taste and a good stone but it's more of a body stone, it may have more CBD. You may need twice as much CBD as THC to get that body high.

**HIGH TIMES:** But in general, you feel that the earlier picking is a more cerebral kind of high.

**ANG:** Yes, I think most people would agree. It's a clearer high and it's a more enjoyable intelligent high. You can use your head, you're not stoned out of your mind, you can be creative and you go, Wow, I can really get into something and be stoned at the same time.

**HIGH TIMES:** If you pick it a little late at the so-called peak sometimes, isn't it just... sometimes just plain knockout, you know, like you can't even think?

**ANG:** I think if you pick late it's too druggy. But certain varieties mature early and late too. The Afghani matures early and the African varieties mature late. The equatorial pot matures late.

**HIGH TIMES:** What is your relationship with the growers whose pot you photograph?

**ANG:** They trust me to visit and take pictures and not talk and keep to myself what I know. There's a lot of respect given to me.

Other times people are really honored by the idea of having their plants in print and they will go gung ho to have me photograph them, either as an ego trip or just to share their pride with me.

**HIGH TIMES:** Have you ever been in any paranoid scenes where someone suddenly becomes suspicious of you photographing their dope and things get heavy?

**ANG:** One or two times that's happened and usually it's because someone was very stoned and got onto an ego trip that I was trying to rip them off by selling the pictures of their dope—that they could sell the pictures of their dope and make that money. I just got up and walked away and said it wasn't worth the argument.

**HIGH TIMES:** It's not that easy to do really good pictures of dope, is it?

**ANG:** No, and you have to shoot a lot more than you ever show anybody. I've been paranoid, you know. But usually it's all good feelings. I'm really close with everybody.

**HIGH TIMES:** Part of a celebration.

**ANG:** Yeah, it is.

**HIGH TIMES:** You're like the official... almost like the wedding photographer or something for a harvest.

**ANG:** Right.

**HIGH TIMES:** It's almost like when people give birth to a baby. My plant's giving birth.

**ANG:** Yes, my plants will be harvested, come up and take pictures of them, that's what I've been told. But I have taken pictures of plants grown in other countries where I've been a total outsider. In Kenya, for instance. That was a strange adventure.

**HIGH TIMES:** Yeah, tell me about that.

**ANG:** There was one picture in the October issue of *HIGH TIMES* of all this *bhang* weed—that's what they call it in Swahili—grown above Lake Victoria. To get there I needed a

guide. I hooked up with a Ugandan refugee. We got to talking and I ended up showing him all these dope magazines. I told him that I was a dope photographer, that I wanted to take pictures of *bhang* growing and he arranged it. We took a couple of buses out to the middle of nowhere, hiked a couple of hours and we got to a place, but the guy had picked his weed about a week or two before and only the second growth was there. I was really bummed out because I spent all this energy and my visa was almost up and I was running out of money and it was the end of my trip—but I wanted to get these pictures. So I asked, if there was any more around? And he goes, walk on trail, you know, and we meet somebody and it's okay, okay, bwana, okay, we get dope, bwana; and we're smoking big joints left and right anyway, you know, because he's fifteen years old and likes to get high. And we met some other kid and he said, okay, okay. He didn't speak any English at all and this guy spoke Swahili and English and we got up to this guy's field and he had pulled about half of his plants but he's got all this mixed dope growing, male and female. I bought some from him—fifty cents an ounce—and drank some Nubian gin. They make gin up there, too, because it's way the fuck back in the woods and they just live up there and get high. They brought me a box of leaf—they thought I wanted to buy shake, you know, a dollar for a box. It was just rubbish; I kept saying give me the good stuff.

**HIGH TIMES:** What did they think of your just taking photographs of it? Did they accept it?

**ANG:** They were really overwhelmed, but I pulled out a centerfold that I did and some other dope magazines and I showed them a picture in the magazine. I told them this is what I do, and they went bananas, you know, bwana, bwana—overwhelmed. I got some pictures of them.

**HIGH TIMES:** That must have been a strange meeting of cultures.

**ANG:** Oh, it was bizarre.

**HIGH TIMES:** Showing the centerfold of an American dope magazine in the heart of Africa to these...

**ANG:** Right on the heart of the equator. Right on the equator. The Kenyans grow dope. They sell it for fifteen dollars a pound and here I'm showing them a dope magazine. So I ended up leaving a couple of dope magazines with them, and some other stuff, you know, a pipe and some rolling papers—Zig-Zags—and it was great but we had to leave, you know, the day was getting long. We ended up walking out of the hills and I say, what are those buildings up ahead? And he says, oh, that's prison; and I just got an incredible adrenalin rush and go, what the fuck you taking me near a prison for? I got all this dope in my pack. He says, no, this is only for drunk drivers. So we walked right through the prison gate. We kind of came out of the hills and walked through the prison gate and it was very loose security, you know, and they looked at us and we

just went like this and I went *jombo*, which means hello. And they went oh, *jombo*, *jombo* bwana, you know. We got on the bus and went straight home and I hid the dope, because I'd been busted twice in Kenya and I didn't want to get close to them again.

**HIGH TIMES:** How often have you been busted?

**ANG:** About eight times. Every time I've gotten off. In Amsterdam I got busted, in Kenya I got busted twice, and the rest in California.

**HIGH TIMES:** You've been to Asia?

**ANG:** I was in Asia for nine months. The first stop was Thailand. Back then you could get Thai sticks for twenty-five cents apiece, fourteen cents apiece.

**HIGH TIMES:** Good ones I'll bet, too.

**ANG:** Fifty cents for the killer sticks.

**HIGH TIMES:** Really?

**ANG:** Yeah, oh boy—dripping. You just throw them against the wall and they stick. You're just shaking the resin off your hand; its sticky brown gunge. Then I went to Laos when it turned communist. I've got pictures of dope grown in Laos, pictures of dope selling in the market, with the communists looking on.

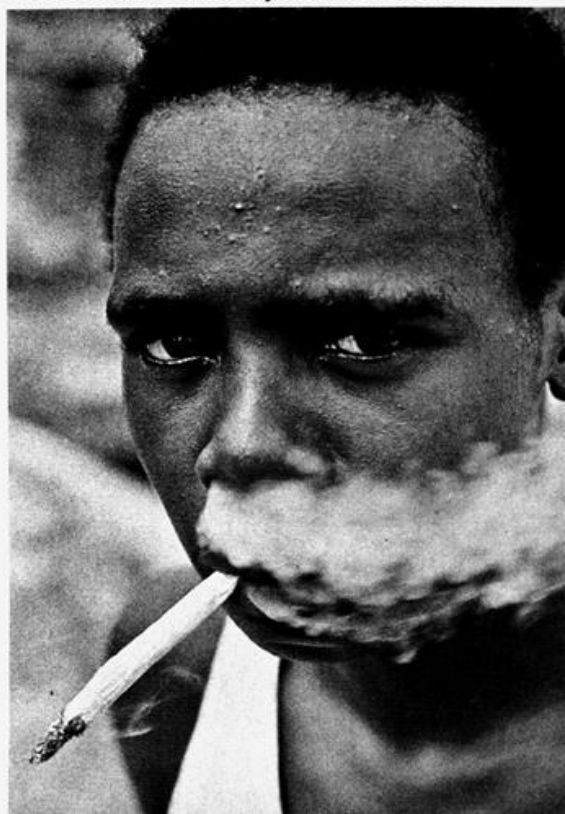
**HIGH TIMES:** What is Laotian dope like compared to Thai?

**ANG:** It was pretty similar to Thai weed. Most of the weed that we ended up buying was D-grade because you had to get to the market real early in the morning or know certain people. You stay awhile in a town and you learn where to buy the better dope.

You have to look deep and deep for good sticks. Usually you buy a couple here and a couple there because you don't want to travel with dope in a foreign country. It's easily worked against you.

**HIGH TIMES:** So you smoke up what you've got.

**ANG:** Right, you smoke giant joints. We'd leave a roach the size of a joint and not even





# HIGH TIMES

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think two shifts about it.

**HIGH TIMES:** Disgraceful. If I were to ask you  
what the most beautiful bud you've ever  
photographed was, for whatever reason,  
whatever definition of beauty, would you  
be able to name one that really stands out in  
your mind as an all-time favorite?

**ANG:** One in particular was the big bud that  
was in the bell jar in your second dope-  
awards feature. That was a one-ounce bud  
from Oaxacan origin grown up north and it  
was a very electric pot. You just pulled a lit-  
tle bit off, put it in a pipe and whew...

There's one other—the first real good *indi-  
ca* that I saw. It was seeded. And the seeds  
were just tremendous like watermelons  
with nice markings on them and I said, This  
is a beautiful bud, but how much did you  
pay? Some outrageous price because it was  
seeded and seeded pot doesn't bring as  
much money and I smoked it and I shut up,  
it was so fucking good. It tasted as good as it  
looked.

**HIGH TIMES:** Seeds are sort of beautiful ob-  
jects to photograph, too, aren't they? Tom  
Forcade once compared the mottling on  
some dark Colombian seeds to Rembrandt  
paintings.

**ANG:** Seeds are beautiful in themselves.  
And they're different from different coun-  
tries. From South Africa they're real small;  
Durban seeds are very small and they take  
a long time to germinate. And then seeds  
from Afghanistan are real big and hearty  
and they germinate immediately. Colombi-  
an seeds always seem to have that sheen to  
them.

**HIGH TIMES:** Aren't those seed pods beauti-  
ful, or those husks, what are they called?  
The seed bracts?

**ANG:** That is also the heart of the stone. The  
most stone you get is from the seed bract.  
That's why sinsemilla is valued, because  
the seed bracts are just full of resin. They  
haven't worked on making a seed, they've  
just worked on the resin so the resin's there  
and it builds up. There's more seed bracts and  
it keeps making flowers to get pollinated.  
It's enticing.

**HIGH TIMES:** There's a big market now in  
seeds—almost as much as it used to be for  
dope. Are there specific seed dealers now in  
grower countries?

**ANG:** A grower will start to become more in-  
volved in creating seeds for himself and  
thus maybe creating seeds for a market or  
even selling seedlings; guaranteeing that  
this is from an Afghani father and a Thai  
mother and that you'll get, you know, so  
many pounds per plant...

**HIGH TIMES:** Pedigree.

**ANG:** Pedigree, yes. It permits selective hy-  
bridization. So those seeds are worth pay-  
ing for.

**HIGH TIMES:** Here's one interesting possible  
new use for dope photography on a private  
basis. You could document the growth of a  
specific seed to a plant; in other words, you  
take a picture of the seed, then you take a  
picture of the resultant plant, and then you  
say I saw it planted and this is the same one.

It might be a useful service for friends,  
anyway.

**ANG:** There are people who do that.

**HIGH TIMES:** Really? Pedigree seed  
photographs?

**ANG:** There actually is such a service. It's  
getting more specialized out there: There  
are people who will give you seeds or help  
you plant them and help you harvest your  
plants for a percentage.

**HIGH TIMES:** What would you call them?  
Consultants?

**ANG:** Consultant gypsy dope migrants. It's  
like an almost unlimited pet project where  
they can create even more generations of,  
let's say, their seed by helping people plant

## "Seeds are beautiful in themselves."

them. And also it's very important that you  
get the males, that you don't pull all the  
males out, that you bag their pollen. That's a  
big thing and a lot of people don't know  
how to do that and they can't selectively  
breed. So you trust a consultant to do that.

**HIGH TIMES:** You sort of become an expert at  
growing techniques through what you've  
learned from photography.

**ANG:** Yeah, I've grown some good weed.

**HIGH TIMES:** Do you think people who don't  
get high can understand photographs of  
dope or take good photographs of dope? Or  
do you almost have to have the kind of con-  
sciousness that...?

**ANG:** I think you have to have the con-  
sciousness of the high in order to capture  
what that plant is to you, and how you can  
present this bud in such a way that people  
will go, Oh, wow, look at the hairs on that or  
look at the resin, man. It has to be sharp and  
stand out and have good color—those are  
important things, but I think you need to  
know the stone of that high to do an excel-  
lent job and not merely a good job.

**HIGH TIMES:** You have to understand a par-  
ticular glory of the plant in order to get it in  
the camera and on the paper.

**ANG:** I think so.

**HIGH TIMES:** I think we need to smoke an-  
other joint.

**ANG:** Yeah.

**HIGH TIMES:** Is this Hawaiian that we're tast-  
ing now?

**ANG:** This is Hawaiian, yeah, some guerrilla  
weed, some jungle weed from Kauai.

**HIGH TIMES:** Say you're out there in the junc-  
gle, you're sizing up this particular weed as  
to whether it makes a good photograph or  
what's interesting about it visually. What do  
you think to yourself as you look at this?

**ANG:** Well, this pot in particular is dark,  
dark green and the hairs are orange. We call



it Halloween weed. Some of it was black and orange. It's wilder looking than cultivated pot, where they have more control.

**HIGH TIMES:** What about the significance of red hairs in a bud? There was a big controversy in Hawaii when I was there: One grower would tell me red hairs are a bad sign, some said it's the best stuff.

**ANG:** Red hair is just a favorite look. People like the look: It's a contrast to the green. You know, in California they'll say, "Oh, the red hairs on this pot look so nice." But, in actuality, if you plucked every red hair out of a pound of weed and smoked it, you would not get high.

**HIGH TIMES:** Really?

**ANG:** It doesn't get you high. It's the pistil of the flower searching for pollen and they wither and die. They don't have resin on them unless the resin gets knocked off a leaf or a seed pod onto them; it will stick because it's sticky and that's the only way you'll get high on that. But it's just a good-looking thing, just a visual thing. The original sinsemilla buds had the red hair so that made the red hair famous. It's just a cosmetic thing.

**HIGH TIMES:** Do you think that your pictures have influenced what kind of dope people like to grow? I mean, do all these pictures of colorful red-haired dope make it more popular to grow even if it doesn't get you as high?

**ANG:** Well, I have taken pictures of dope that hasn't gotten me that high and has looked better than other dope that has gotten me tremendously high. So, the cosmetics of marijuana and the high are not always the same, and that's a little disappointing sometimes. I remember one disappointment in particular. We called it No Hi Thai. **HIGH TIMES:** (Laughter.) That's a great name. **ANG:** Thai weed, beautiful big Thai seeds, beautiful plants, resinous as hell, tastes great, you start getting high and it dissipates and you're straight and you're saying "Wait a minute."

**HIGH TIMES:** So are people deceived by looks? If it looks like the buds in centerfolds in **HIGH TIMES**, do they want to buy it and kind of convince themselves that they're high anyway?

**ANG:** Yes. I think that can happen.

**HIGH TIMES:** On the other hand, do you think some grass you see these days can get you too high?

**ANG:** I honestly feel that there's an overkill, but I smoke a lot too, you know.

**HIGH TIMES:** Do you think that some super-growers have pumped too much THC power into their plants?

**ANG:** Yes. There is a kind of pot that people just can't smoke a whole joint of. And a grower will because it's his pride and his ego at stake: "I can smoke this joint." I smoked some weed in particular this year that just felt like I was taking off. We had smoked about eight other joints that day but this joint just really zoomed me—it was just rocket fuel—right to Venus, maybe Saturn, I

*continued on page 76*

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# MARIHUANA

## "HARMLESS" NARCOTIC OR MURDEROUS KILLER? HA!

by Dr. Gamaliel Nahass

*Chairman, Dept. of Cryptobfuscological Research, Colombia University; director of Graduate Program to Recruit Big Fat Federal Study Grants; chef d'liaison with the National Caucus of Labor Committees (U.S. Labor Party) and the Conservative Political Action Alliance.*

### EXPERIMENTAL ABSTRACT

Trans-kappa-218-tetrahydrocannibalmaker (TKTC), a hemidemisemisynthetic homologue of a biologically active fraction of Marihuana smoke, was administered to human laboratory subjects by respirator; intravenous, subcutaneous and intraperitoneal injection by hypodermic; *per anum*, with the aid of a good stiff clyster and a clutch of husky attendants to hold 'em down; and directly into the periacqueductal gray area of the brain (or maybe the corpus striatum, when Dr. Nahass had the shakes one morning) via cannulas that did not exceed 2.3mm circumference, so as to minimize tissue injury. The average daily dose did not exceed 2.7 ml of TKTC per kg of body weight.

Subjects were sacrificed by decapitation at the conclusion of the study, and inspected for gross genetic alterations. It was demonstrated photographically that Marihuana causes even more drastic genetic anomaly than we had ever hoped for in our fondest dreams and most lurid fantasies. It may already be too late! If the Marihuana addicts now living among us, smirking and swearing and having lewd fuckie-fuckie all the time, in and out, up and down, are allowed to GIVE BIRTH, it could result in the PERMANENT POLLUTION OF THE GENE POOL in free America, and all our innocent unborn children will turn into stupid, lazy, awful-looking JAZZ MUSICIANS and HIPPIES, and the Red Communists come and take over, like Poland and Angola and tiny enslaved Latvia! Ha! And they say Marihuana is harmless!

In view of this disturbing new scientific laboratory evidence that Marihuana is supernaturally maleficent, new funds are urgently needed to carry out further objective



**Photo A:** Photographic evidence confirming that Marihuana does so grow breasts on male abusers. On their wrists, yet!

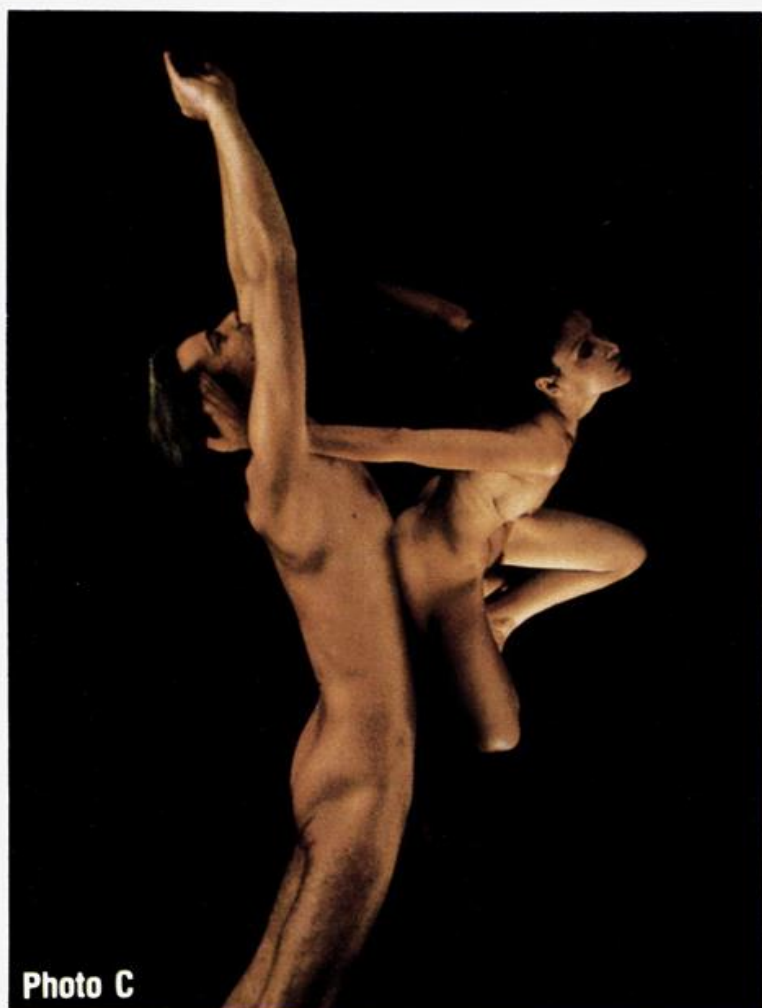
double-blind research of this type. Yet the scalliwag bureaucrats at the National Institute on Drug Abuse have only increased Dr. Nahass's 1981 appropriation by 40 percent! Even though before the election last year, a close Reagan lieutenant had promised me "carte blanche"—his very words, I have it on *tape*, fools!—in return for holding a National Conference on Drug Abuse at Colombia University, where all us famous Marihuana scientists said all the dreadful things we could think of about the Deceptive Weed. And we did all this for them—brain damage, deformed babies, grows breasts on men, EVERYTHING—and now we get a LOUSY 40 PERCENT FUND INCREASE! What kind of SHIT is THIS?? Are there COMMUNISTS in the REAGAN

### ADMINISTRATION?


These clinical photographs, taken during Dr. Nahass's new Marihuana research study, graphically illustrate the threat and menace which this "harmless" drug poses to our nation, our innocent children, the Free World, and the fundamental order of natural physics as it has existed since the Big Bang, before Marihuana abuse was adopted by Negro jazz musicians and spread like the Black Plague to their foolish admirers in the Civil Rights Movement, a well-known Communist Front Activity. The rest is history. Will Ronald Reagan be MAN enough to reverse this poisonous historical tide? Well, that'll take more than a LOUSY GODDAMN 40 PERCENT FUND INCREASE for Dr. Nahass! Be ye warned!

Photos by Janet Belden-Beyda









**Photo B:** Healthy male and female subjects self-administered Marihuana *ad libitum* and performed incessant drug-induced coitus *per cul, per anum, per ora, ad nauseam*. Drug gradually interfered with female subject's entire cellular system so extensively that all tissues anterior to waist were rendered dissociative and friable. Simultaneously, Marihuana cannabinoids induced male subject's cellular system to become cannibalistic, and it greedily absorbed female's tissue *per sternum*, until lab researchers intervened and imposed strict abstinence from drug on both subjects.

**Photo C:** After six weeks' abstinence from drug, near-total reincorporation of female subject's anterior portions was observed; complete severance from male's body was observed at eight weeks. Yet both said they would abuse Marihuana again, and perform drug-induced coition, at first opportunity!

**Photo D:** Healthy male subjects self-administered Marihuana *ad libitum*. Progressive retardation of growth, proceeding into actual growth reversal, persisted unnoticed by self-intoxicated subjects until both had been reduced to avg. 27 cm in height. After sacrifice by decapitation, research assistant (*left*) determined that Marihuana had initially inhibited output from subjects' pituitaries of growth-hormone-stimulating-hormone (GHSH), causing growth retardation; then Marihuana had promoted total isomerization of GHSH into *shrinking*-hormone-stimulating-hormone (SHSH), causing reversal and shrinkage of entire cellular process. (Note: Research assistant is shown dropping sacrificed subjects into grinder for processing into lab-animal feed. Male and female Sprague-Dawley rats fed from resultant mash showed clinically significant increase in immoral behavior: One pure-bred white female Sprague-Dawley even committed miscegenation with tan-black Norwegian sewer rodent!!)

**Photo E:** Healthy male subject self-administered Marihuana until SHSH growth-reversal phenomenon demonstrated in Photo D occurred. Subject also became irrationally averse and panicky when normal-sized lab researcher attempted to secure him for purpose of sacrifice by decapitation.

**Photo D**









Illustrated by Bruno Schmidt

*As you read this literary masterpiece by a famous Pulitzer prize loser, you will begin to feel drowsy. Literary masterpieces often have that effect on scabrous readers, but in this case your drowsiness will be part of a sinister conspiracy to destroy your mind and render you an unwilling slave. Even as you read these words your brain is turning into oatmeal.*

# HYPNOTISM

**Learn Animal Magnetism  
at Home in Your Spare Time  
and Enslave the World**

**BY JOHN A. KEEL**

You say you've never been hypnotized and, in fact, you regard yourself as too strong-willed, with such a towering intellect that you never could be hypnotized? Despite your overbearing ego, chances are that you have been zapped into a hypnotic trance many times... and completely without your knowledge or permission.

A large percentage of people are very prone to suggestion, which is what hypnotism really is, and can be triggered into a hypnotic state by nothing more than telephone poles whizzing past as they ride in a speeding automobile. Music also has powerful hypnotic influence, particularly rock 'n' roll, and it is not unusual for disco dancers to lapse into a semitrance. The CIA and other noble national institutions have been experimenting with involuntary hypnosis for years and have turned out innumerable "Manchurian candidates" such as the famous model and radio personality, Candy Jones Nebel, and, possibly, Jack Ruby. Candy's schizoid escapades as an unwilling zombie for the CIA came to light when she was hypnotized by the late Long John Nebel and her story was turned into a book by Donald Bain (*The Control of Candy Jones*, Playboy Press, 1976). Some experts think that Jack Ruby's peculiar behavior on the day he shot Lee Harvey Oswald was triggered by a mysterious phone call he received before he headed for the Dallas police station, that he had been preconditioned to lapse into a trance and carry out orders.

Hypnotism is becoming a big business today, with professional hypnotists collecting fees for helping you to stop smoking, overcome a fear of flying, or have bigger and better orgasms. Modern psychiatrists use hypnotism routinely to cure amnesia and explore hidden parts of the mind. Many dentists have abandoned standard anesthesia for hypnotism. What was once considered to be nothing more than a stage entertainment has now become an important tool for medicine, the law, and even for flying-saucer investigators. Those who aren't openly paying for the privilege of sleeping through the 20th century via hypnosis are being entranced in other ways. Some zonk out in the presence of fluorescent lights, while many millions ingest daily a mountain of pills that are known as "hypnotics" because they are sleep inducers. Sit in front of a flickering TV set long enough and they can sell you anything because of the patholesiac effect (impairment of willpower). Entire audiences have flipped in movie theaters when the flickering image on the screen pulsed at just the right frequency and produced mass hypnosis (a very rare phenomenon). Hypnosis was a curiosity in the last century, embraced by occultists and debated by science. Today it has become a part of our daily lives.

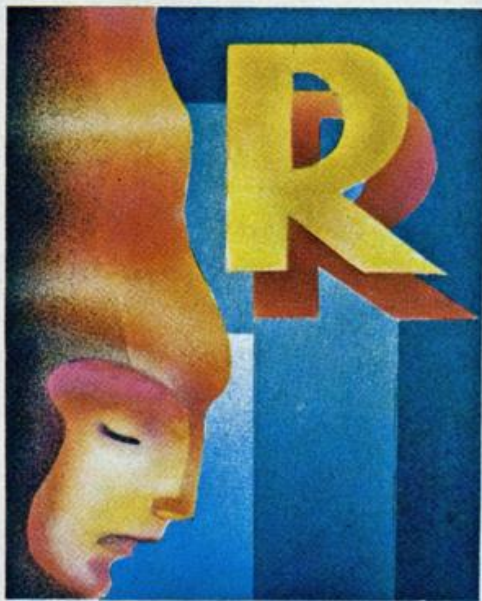
Anybody can learn and practice hypnosis. The cartoon image of



the sinister hypnotist with blazing eyes, wearing a long cape, belongs to another age. You don't need to look deep into your subject's eyes to induce a hypnotic trance. There are, and always have been, a few people who are natural hypnotists and can entrance suggestible persons with nothing more than a glance. Usually, natural hypnotists also have highly developed psychic abilities. One famous Russian psychic was able to hand a railroad conductor a blank piece of paper and he would study it carefully and punch it, thinking it was a real ticket. Some show-business personalities, and a random few politicians, have also been gifted with this "animal magnetism." Al Jolson had it, as did Adolf Hitler. If you have this ability yourself, you are probably reading this article while riding in your private jet or fighting off naked starlets in the bedroom of your penthouse.

Basically, the hypnotized state is a form of sleeping while the body remains conscious. The mind transfers many of its normal functions, such as judgment, to the hypnotist. Patholesia, the loss of willpower, is one result. (In fact, an early word for hypnotist was *pathetist*.) While entranced, the subject may be handed an onion and the hypnotist will tell him that it is an apple. The subject will *know* that it is an onion but will take a bite of it just to please the hypnotist. To his surprise, he will find it tastes exactly like an apple. This type of reaction is common because a hypnotized subject often does not believe he or she is really hypnotized. The mind is operating on two levels. On one level, the subject thinks he (or she) is fully conscious and fully in control of the situation. He thinks he's just "playing along" with the hypnotist. But on another, deeper level, the subject has surrendered most of the perceptive equipment of his body and all of the decision-making apparatus of his mind.

There are three stages of trance. The first is a form of shallow sleep in which the subject is convinced that he is really fully awake and in full control. The second stage is a deeper sleep in which the conscious mind is less active. And the third is a very deep sleep in which the subject is totally unconscious and completely under the control of the hypnotist.



*Relax. Don't fight it. Settle back in your chair and let your body go limp. Your two big toes feel very heavy. Your feet seem to weigh a ton. Just relax completely and let your body ride on the tide of weariness which is washing over you.*

For thousands of years hypnotism was a closely guarded secret of secret cults, exalted priesthods, witches and warlocks, and oracles. The hideous assassin cults of the Far East used hypnosis (along with drugs) to brainwash the members into committing suicidal acts. While it is true that no hypnotized subject will do anything that is against his normal sense of morality, it is easy for the hypnotist to trick him. For example, the hypnotist could hand the subject a loaded pistol and say, "This is a harmless squirt gun. Let's play a joke on good old Charlie. Go up to him and squirt him in the face." Scratch good old Charlie.

In secret societies everywhere (from Africa to the American Indian tribes), hypnosis was induced through dancing and music. Heavy bass sounds, i.e., drums, together with flickering fires,

would produce almost instant trance in many of the participants. They would then hallucinate and see gods and demons, or have prophetic visions. We rediscovered this in the 1960s, with hard rock and the pulsating psychedelic lights of discos. Young people, on their way home from discotheques, often had frightening encounters with giant hairy monsters, little people in silvery suits, gruesome birds and assorted chimera. Repeated exposure to this conditioning produced hallucinosis in some, making them susceptible to trance just by listening to the car radio. The result has been a library filled with books documenting a wide assortment of visions and hallucinations that seemed very real to the subjects—so real that they reported them to newspapers and police—but that were really excursions into the inner reaches of the entranced and baffled human mind. As styles of music changed, and the psychedelic light fad passed, the quantity of such reports diminished.

Since the pristine minds of the young are more open to suggestion than the tired, cynical brains of the mature, it was natural that the youth-oriented 1960s also became the age of hypnotism. The explosion of belief in the occult and reincarnation led millions to submit to hypnotism to explore their alleged past lives. One of the uneasy facts about hypnotism is that once you have been hypnotized you can be rehypnotized with little effort. You become a potential robot waiting for the right buttons to be pushed.

*You are very sleepy. So very sleepy. Your whole body is very tired. Relax. Your legs feel very heavy. You want to go to sleep. You can't fight it. You will sleep. Sleep. Sleep.*

There are several simple methods for testing someone's suggestibility. One is the coin test. Here's how it works. Ask your potential subject to extend his or her open hand. Place a coin in their palm while gazing steadily into their eyes. *Never joke or clown around. You must always have a serious demeanor when you are experimenting with hypnosis.* Slowly fold the subject's fingers over the coin while giving him the following instructions:

"I want you to hold this coin as tightly as you possibly can. Hold it so tightly that no one could possibly remove it. Tighter. Your fingers are locking into place. You can feel them becoming rigid. They are locking tightly into place around the coin. You will not be able to open your hand until I tell you that you can. Your fingers are locking around that coin. You cannot open your hand. The muscles are frozen in place. You cannot open your hand."

While saying the above, you should clench the subject's hand in your own, squeezing it tightly. Now remove your hand and ask him to try to open his. If the subject is highly suggestible, he will be surprised to find that he cannot force his hand open. He is not in a hypnotic trance. He is fully conscious and aware, but you have suggested—convinced him—that he can't open his hand. He won't be able to unlock his fingers until you gently stroke his hand and tell him, "Now you can open your hand. You can feel the muscles in your fingers unlocking and you can open your hand."

When you find someone who responds to the coin test, you know you have found a perfect subject for more elaborate hypnotic experiments. Experienced hypnotists can usually pick such people out of a large audience just from their general appearance and behavior. Hypnotism remained a forbidden secret of black magicians and witches until about 1772, when Friedrich Anton Mesmer, an Austrian physician, started to experiment with it. He developed a theory about the effect of magnetism on the human body, contending that numerous ailments could be cured by making passes with the hands and/or rubbing the affected parts of the body with the fingers while telling the patient that the pains were leaving. The technique became known as mesmerism and practitioners of the strange art called themselves magnetists. Mesmer and his followers actually did cure rheumatic pains, chronic headaches and other stubborn ailments of the nervous system. They were relearning things that had been known to primitive witch doctors and shamans for many centuries.

A wealthy Frenchman, the Marquis de Puységur, paid Mesmer 100 gold louis coins for a crash course in animal magnetism and quickly earned a place in history by hypnotizing a dull-witted peas-



ant boy named Victor. He made many fascinating discoveries, most of which seemed utterly incredible in that far-off year of 1784. When "magnetized," Victor's IQ skyrocketed and he displayed phenomenal powers. Among other things, Victor was able to respond to unspoken commands. Puységur later wrote: "I have no need of speaking to him. When I think in his presence he seems to hear me and replies. When someone comes into the room Victor sees him only if I will him to, when Victor converses with him he says only what I will him to say, not exactly what I silently dictate but what the meaning requires..."

The Marquis de Puységur, and Victor, had discovered telepathy and extrasensory perception (ESP). Magnetists began to spring up all over Europe, performing miraculous medical cures and demonstrating such psychic wonders as clairvoyance-at-a-distance (the subject could describe events taking place miles away at that moment).

The establishment took a dim view of the growing fad and in 1785 the French government appointed a special commission of doctors and scientists to investigate the claims of the magnetists. It didn't take the learned committee long to decide that Dr. Mesmer and his cohorts were a bunch of charlatans. Animal magnetism fell into disrepute and Mesmer plummeted into obscurity, where he remained for the last 30 years of his life.

The French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars paralyzed further research in magnetism. Some of the magnetists fled Europe altogether, while others, including Puységur, languished in prison. But around 1815, the hypnotic experiments were resumed and by 1825, according to Prof. Clark Hull of Yale, all the major phenomena of hypnotism had been discovered and studied. Yet doctors who dared use hypnotic anesthesia in those days were drummed out of the medical societies. In one famous case in 1842, a surgeon was accused of fraudulent practice in England when he hypnotized a man and amputated his leg. Britain's leading medical journal, the *Lancet*, soberly stated that the amputee was part of the fraud and had only pretended to be in a hypnotic trance while his leg was being sawed off!

Medical science flatly refused to recognize hypnotism for almost 200 years.

Phrenology—determining a person's character by studying the bumps on his head—was a popular pseudo-science in the 1800s and traveling phrenologists were quick to recognize the possibilities of animal magnetism. By the 1840s, phrenomagnetists, as they called themselves, were attracting huge audiences all over the United States. They would read the bumps on your head and magnetize you for only ten cents a trance. Soon half the country was hypnotizing the other half.

One of the most famous hypnotists of all time was LaRoy Sunderland, a Methodist minister who apparently had great natural ability. Although he was only five feet tall, he had a resonant voice and powerful stage presence. While delivering a sermon in Dennis, Massachusetts, in 1824, 20 people in his congregation fell into a state of somnambulism and a magnetist was born.

In his book *Pathetism*, Sunderland expressed some surprisingly modern ideas. He knew that hypnotic trances were produced by the power of suggestion, and that the subject's susceptibility was dependent on his or her belief in the magnetist's reputation. So he made sure that he acquired one hell of a reputation. He merely had to walk into a restaurant and a dozen diners would fall over, their faces in their soup.

The phrenomagnetists did not regard Sunderland's theories too kindly. They raged and railed at each other in public and in print, calling their competitors frauds and liars. When they had chance encounters in the street, fists flew and canes raised new bumps on heads.

Interestingly, the animal-magnetism fad of the 1840s served as a prelude to an even greater fad—spiritualism. The latter began in 1848 when two young girls, the Fox sisters, began communicating with the spirit world through mysterious rappings on doors and tables. But soon thousands of people were going into self-induced trances and producing all kinds of alleged spirit phenomena. The men and women who had sat in Sunderland's audiences only a few years before were now adept at self-hypnosis. Religious fervor was

running high in those days, with dozens of new religions appearing each year, and it was understandable that this fervor would spill over into the hypnotic sessions. The negative and positive hallucinations, discovered by the French experimenters earlier in the century, now became an integral part of the séance rooms. (A negative hallucination is *not* seeing something that is there; a positive hallucination is seeing something that is not there.)

The telepathic effect of hypnotism undoubtedly contributed to the growth of spiritualism. "Mediums" entranced at séances were able to pick up thoughts from the sitters. What Freud would later call hyperamnesia also played a part. Totally forgotten or emotionally blocked memories can be brought to the surface in a hypnotic trance. The unconscious mind can play wonderful tricks when the conscious mind is in the altered state of hypnosis. Elaborate fantasies are created and disgorged by the unconscious, drawing on all kinds of forgotten material—everything the subject has ever read or heard. So we have re-creations of heaven and hell, and other worlds, laced with just enough traces of our recognizable reality to make it all convincing. These confabulations, as they are called, form the basis for much of our folklore, religious beliefs, and the modern UFO mythos.

It is probable that the great spiritualism fad of the 1800s would not have sprung into existence if it had not been preceded by the nationwide animal-magnetism hysteria. Mr. Sunderland and his cohorts paved the way for a series of new belief systems.



*You are becoming sleepier. So very sleepy. Your whole body is very heavy. You are very tired. You can't keep your eyes open. You want to sleep. You will sleep. Sleep. Sleep.*

A man named Ralph Slater became famous in the 1940s by hypnotizing people every week on a network radio program. He was an accomplished hypnotist and had to be very careful, otherwise thousands of people listening to him in their own homes would fall into a trance. He would select a group of suggestible subjects from his audience and hypnotize them before the show went on the air. While they were asleep, he would give them a posthypnotic suggestion. You can give a subject only one such suggestion at a time. For example, you might tell the subject: "Fifteen minutes after you wake up you will stand on a chair and crow like a rooster." Then you bring the subject out of the trance. Fifteen minutes later he will suddenly have an uncontrollable urge to stand on a chair and crow like a rooster. He will be fully conscious and will have no idea why he is doing this. When Slater and other professional hypnotists entrance subjects before a performance, they leave them with a posthypnotic suggestion such as, "When I say the word *bingo* you will go to sleep instantly." Later, during the performance, the hypnotist will turn to the fully awake subject and shout "Bingo," and the person will go into an instant trance.

The key to hypnosis is the fact that the subject actually hypnotizes himself. You merely suggest that he wants to go to sleep. So you

*continued on page 78*





# JOINT *Con*

## The Case for Ditchweed

**L**AMB'S BREAD" IS JAMAICAN SINSEMILLA MARIJUANA. IT'S a solid, earthsome, brown-russet, seedless shake, tolerably twiggy, and I've been turning on everyone I know with it, trying to whip up a demand in the Big Apple reefer market. The head is superb, a swing-sing musical head; an uncommonly *physical* head, for sinsemilla, a mouthful, earful, skinful head that promotes giggle and munch, conduces to dancing, causes you to look at near and common things for a long time, as though they were far away and rarely, faintly precious.

It is not, lamb's bread Jamaican sinsemilla, exactly catching on like a barn afire on the Big Apple reefer market. At least not as far as I can see.

But then, I was never cut out for a salesman. Everyone I know who's into sinse, which are only the few who can afford it, already *has* sinse, generally speaking. My attorney, just for example. Invited to his Connecticut bungalow for a weekend of plot and counterplot, burrowing through cartons of legal-length cross-examination and affidavit, with his gorgeous blond wife hustling hot bean-brewed African coffee and his wonderful loud kids all ascrumble about us (who *else* has such a terrific lawyer?), I took pain and risk beforehand to lay in a lid of this seedless Rasta woman-weed from the Gates of Canarsie in downtown Babylon. He'll surely love it, sez I to myself, and he'll tell two friends, and *they'll* tell two friends, and so on, and so on, and so on...

"It's Hawaiian," he declared smugly of his own stash, elaborately casual about it all, the trendy motherfucker. God, it was so *green*! It lay there all green in a porcelain Japanese tray on his antique coffee table: spiky emerald clumps and nuggets of exotic Oriental marijuana, bespeckled up close with snowy opalescent grains of resin, every bract *agorge* with pollen-forsaken female resin, smelling like a pine grove through which, not a half hour before, tail held aloft at full spray, a skunk had sauntered. "Oh, *daaaamn*, that's pretty," I gushed sincerely. "Get me a loupe. I want to *look* at this before we set it on fire."

So much for my dowdy brown lamb's bread. No point to even bringing it *out*: If the guy's got flashy weed like this, I'd just lose ego points. Mind you, before the weekend was out, his almighty Hawaiian (it was grown in Northern California from Hawaiian seeds or slips, I could tell that from the color, but I never let on till now, for considerations' sake), his so-called, self-styled Hawaiian was all cardboardy and anemic,

Illustrations by Brick Mason



# Enter JOINT

by Dean Latimer,  
*Sordid Affairs Editor*

because the sunlight had worked on it as drastically as an exposed strip of Agfa-Gevaert fast film. Sunlight is hell on THC, y'know, converting it like crazy into random cannabinoids and metabolites. But look, anybody with such shallow, trendy taste in reefer *wouldn't* know enough to bring his Humboldt County Maui-wowie in out of the shine, now would he?

Anyway, I only took a couple hits off the first proffered joint, strictly for politeness' sake, and abstained the rest of the visit. I really *despise* sinsemilla.

I despise the sinsemilla *head*, that is. Even this Jamaican lamb's bread, which is immeasurably more amenable to me than your Thai or Hawaiian or whatever, is far from my personal weed of choice. Yes, dammit, I *loathe* sinsemilla. And having said this much, I will go further and confess that I don't much go for plain old commercial *Colombian*, either. Oh, I go all galley-west *looking* at it, scrubbing the teensy ruby seeds out between my fingertips, tenderly denuding the crinkly twigs, powdering the shake—yeah, it probably *looks* like a dope fiend in pig heaven. But hold it, have you ever watched me *smoke* it, up real close?

Self-defense against THC: I don't inhale, is all. I suck it in real noisy, lips pursed and cheeks indented, like anyone else, but then I just roll the smoke around my tongue, ease it back upwise through the pharynx, and whoof it out my nose in a tumble of gray exhalé. This way the high is moderately and gradually absorbed, through the mucous surface, into the head; you don't absorb it instantly through a half acre of lung tissue, and go up like a goddamn Roman candle, and be all paralyzed for a half hour. I just don't *like* that roller-coaster THC high.

What I like, on the increasingly rare occasions it's around, is the particular weed of a friend of mine whose mother grows it for him on her farm in New Hampshire, on a plot of open pasture that was for years a turkey run. She grows only a half dozen or so plants, just enough to meet his little family's minimum daily requirement of cannabis. "If he *has* to smoke that nasty stuff," she kvetches, "at least I'll know he's not buying some kind of poison off the streets." Mind you, the guy's pushing 40 and makes over 25 grand a year. I personally suspect his mum just gets off on *growing* this peculiar bush, amidst her blue-ribbon begonias and lilacs.

This guy's weed *used* to be delightful—all dull green, even after sweat curing—slow-burning, laid-back, relaxing,





downright *stupefying* after a couple hours of fun, goofy, munchy, musical high. It was much like that good old-time fundamentalist Summer of Love Mexican I first got off on, with a little help from my friends, in the Lower East Side and the Haight. It's not just nostalgia, either. The high *lasts* longer than tropical weed, two hours minimum as opposed to 45 minutes tops. It swells and builds to a gradual, sustained peak, as opposed to an instant high-rush with every separate toke. Admittedly it gets you sleepy, this New Hampshire homely—after an hour or two you just want to lie back and watch the music paint pretty Mondrians on the inside of your closed eyelids—but this, for me, is infinitely preferable to the aftermath of tropical reefer, which leaves me skinned and scaled inside, fileted of my whole nervous system. Most of all, I get into what I'm *doing* while high on homegrown, whereas with this tropical THC weed, all I'm doing is *being* high.

So guess what happens? A couple of seasons back, my chum gives his mother a stack of HIGH TIMES back issues. "Well fancy this," she marvels, ruffling through centerfolds of pornographically Technicolor sinse buds, "you can make this scraggly weed look *decorative*, with a little work." We gave her a copy of Frank and Rosenthal's *Marijuana Grower's Guide* (Berkeley: And/Or Press), and an assortment of tropical seeds, and this fall she brought in a crop of the prettiest—and most paralyzing—*connoisseur* reefer you'd ever want to see. Broke my heart, man.

Yes, I used the denomination "connoisseur" there with resentment aforethought. It is precisely because of guys like my splendid crony and colleague "R." that you can't find lousy green reefer for love nor money nowadays. Even the *Jamaicans* are growing sinse nowadays, Jah forgive them. I saw a half bale of Mexican the other week, first Mex in weight I've seen in years, and it was seedless! Hawaii, California, Kentucky—everybody's growing first-generation tropical reefer in bulk, and *compounding* it by busting their asses on special plots of connoisseur sinse.

This whole connoisseur business—and this is just my personal opinion, guys, nothing personal—is an unhappy development in modern dope trends. It grows out of an ill-conceived notion that THC—delta-9 tetrahydrocannabinol—is the main and only high-making particle of marijuana. If it's the THC that gets you high, the reasoning clearly goes, then reefer with the highest THC content has got to be the ultimate reefer; and the ideal would presumably be *pure* THC, uncontaminated by any other cannabinoids—as though pure ethyl alcohol might somehow be superior to 12-year-old single-grain 86.8-proof Bell's Scotch.

This is plain, bottom-line clown reasoning. For one thing, right off straight, it happens I've *talked* to people who've done pure synthetic delta-9—glaucoma and chemotherapy patients—in the course of business here at HIGH TIMES. Without exception they've agreed it's a bummer, incapacitatingly hallucinatory, physically uncomfortable, with an ugly property of distorting subjective body image; you feel like your eyes are out four feet on lobster stalks, and maybe the right side of your body's twice as big as the left side—and nobody would ever willingly do it twice, just for kicks. Glaucoma patient Bob Randall of Washington, who has tried pure THC, guarantees that his 2 percent THC "homogenized" NIDA reefer is infinitely preferable; not only was the pure delta-9 unspeakably awful, *nothing* like a grass high, but it didn't even do his eyes any good, so far as he could see.

Delta-9 THC, it appears, is *not* the sole ingredient in grass that moderates eyeball pressure in glaucoma. It is probably not, in fact, the best ingredient for abolishing chemotherapy nausea, either, all by itself in isolation. Yet still, NIDA is right now distributing some 250,000 caps of pure synthetic delta-9, suspended in sesame oil, to cancer clinics all around the country. A year from now, when it turns out that these awful things don't *work* very well (imagine, for instance, trying to get home after a chemotherapy session wrecked on delta-9; imagine trying to keep the capsule down, when you're already vomiting), then the Washington dope czars will be able to gloat, "See, we told you so—marijuana doesn't work for glaucoma or chemotherapy nausea."

This is where the THC fetish comes from, and what it leads to. In the early '70s, when NIDA docs began seriously looking into marijuana, it was *they* who plucked delta-9 from the 60-odd other cannabinoids in grass and advertised it as the top high-maker in weed.

Some of them, at least, knew better even then; Dr. Carleton Turner, chief marijuana botanist at NIDA's Ole Miss pot farm, actually told my pal Ed (*Grower's Guide*) Rosenthal, once in an unguarded moment, that THC works synergistically in raw cannabis with the other cannabinoids. By itself, that is, THC has a certain set of effects on your mind and body; though in *grass*, working in concert with all the other cannabinoids, it has a whole *different* set of effects.

Which is why, just for example, pure THC has been seen to promote seizures in epileptic patients, while grass itself has consistently been seen to *reduce* convulsions and seizures. Another cannabinoid in marijuana—specifically, cannabidiol, or CBD—clearly abolishes THC's seizure-inducing properties and exerts an *anticonvulsive* effect. That's what "synergy" means.

You will not hear much talk about synergy in marijuana from NIDA, even though we supposedly pay taxes so they'll keep us abreast of things like this; no, no, NIDA would just as soon have the notion afloat and unchallenged that THC, being demonstrably toxic in isolation, is only rendered 60-odd times *more* toxic by all the other cannabinoids. Notions like this will keep marijuana illegal, and people going to jail for it, until kingdom come.

The allied notion that the other cannabinoids—CBD in particular—may antagonize and reduce THC's effects has had an equally dismal effect on the pot culture itself. Marijuana mouthpieces like my pals "R." and Rosenthal have been consistently banging the gong for high-THC reefer ever since they learned, from the goddamn *government*, that THC is allegedly the prime psychotropic element in marijuana. Hell, I myself have been at least a passive party to this evolution of the THC fetish for never advising HIGH TIMES readers, all the years I've been here, that these fucking isomerizers we advertise are *only* useful for weight movers who get stuck with massive quantities of lousy weed; they *do* poop out high-THC "hash oil," if the operator knows how to work them, but believe me, you have to wreck a ki of grass just to get a *thimble* of it. Even for New Hampshire homegrown, this to me is obscene.

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## There is a whole conspiracy of THC pimps working assiduously to glamorize and promote the THC fetish.

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Sinsemilla, though, is the singlemost flagrant excrescence of the THC fetish. What conditions the amount of THC in a plant, understand, is mainly the amount of sunlight its *parents* got in their natural abode. Tropical plants, which get enormous daily doses of sun, show up a massive proportion of THC to CBD, while the further north (or south) from the equator that they're planted, they show up increasingly higher quotients of CBD to THC. (What happens around the Arctic Circle, where they get those humongous long one-day summers, I couldn't tell you.) And the first offspring of any plant, no matter if it's planted six degrees of latitude away, will turn out to be pretty much of a clone of the parent plants—though the second and third generations will rapidly transform into common, garden-variety local ditchweed. So sinsemilla is basically just female tropical reefer, whether it's grown in Santa Marta or Santa Monica.

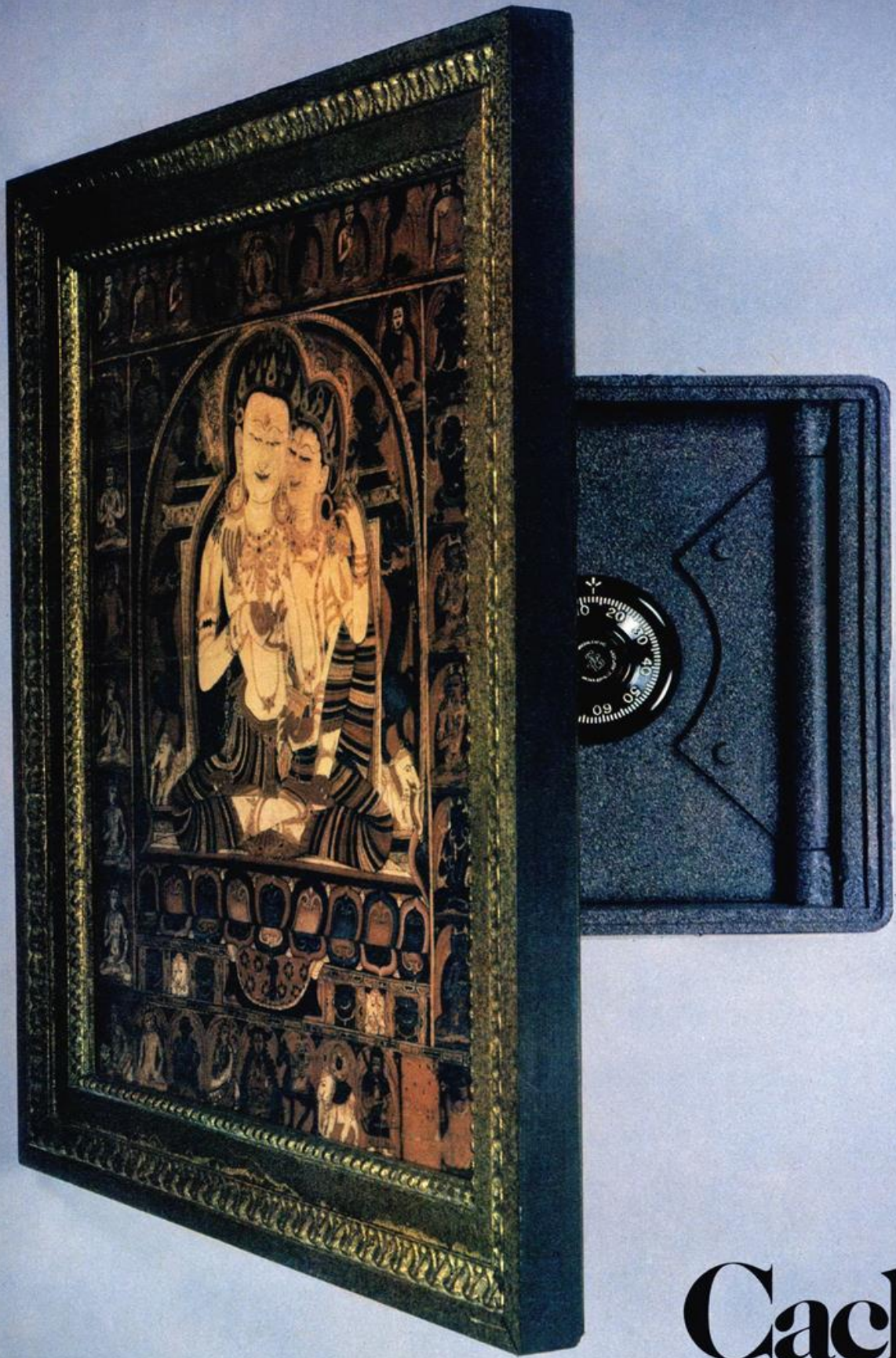
All you do is, you plant seeds from perfectly good, high-test tropical reefer; you butcher the males when they bud, and then when the females bloom, and there's not a grain of airborne pollen in the district, they positively *suppurate* with THC, and rich twits like my attorney will go \$1,800 a pound for it, in ten-pound wholesale lots.

So you may get a glimpse, now, of the *economics* behind the sinse craze, which I consider to be somewhat less than wholesome. Sinse cultivation is lots more labor intensive than just bringing up a mixed-sex commercial crop, but since it brings in so much more *money* per unit volume, the California growers are going over to sinse in a big way.

Mind you, some of my pleasantest acquaintances have been California growers, and so I'll concede their point that sinse is also a safer investment. It's lots harder for narcs in Piper Cubs to pick out tiny, isolated sinse plots than whole waving emerald acres of mixed-sex commercial marijuana.

*continued on page 101*





**Cache**  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
STEVE COOPER

















## **Memoirs of the Geek Beat**

The Hillside Strangler, Stinky the Rapist  
and Things That Go Hump in the Night

**by Michael Reynolds**





*They say this place is Evil  
But that's not why I stay  
I found something that'll  
never be nothing  
And I found it in L.A.*

—Warren Zevon

ASH WEDNESDAY IN L.A. UNDER A hemorrhaging night sky on the San Diego Freeway, beginning a journey for the beasts of paradise, those leashed and unleashed. Door-to-door maniacs and rabid things. Little girls with knives. Hungry things. The birds of appetite are shrieks sometimes.

It was 1978 and I was driving this wet Lenten freeway, capsulated in rubber and steel with thousands of twin red eyes retreating before me, thinking how hard-pressed Manson and Family, Patrick Kearney the Trashbag Killer, and now the Hillside Strangler would have been without the swift and immediate access the freeways allow to the sprawling populace of Southern California. Los Angeles is a K-Mart of potential victims.

All these ruminations trailed me like woe-ful lepers that night as I went looking for a motel. It is 11 P.M. in a Santa Monica motel lobby crowded with teenage girls sitting on suitcases, wearing funny hats, squealing and milling about. It is some kind of national twirlers' convention. I go to register as the matrons shepherding these nubile daughters of the Midwest shoot nervous appraisals my way. A specter in black three-piece, black cowboy boots, dark glasses, wired up from jet flight and sake, wet hair matting in swirls over my collar. A nervous odor in the air: aging border collies sniffing coyote in the wind. Hillside Strangler news plastered in 72-point type across the L.A. Times, blaring off the TV in the lobby. I feel obvious as my eyes meet those of the desk clerk who appears to be breaking under the persistent hammering by the matrons. I smile and say, "Looks like you might be full for the night." He almost smiles as yet another chaperone presses in on him.

I head back into the rain, driving further toward the beach. I check into a high-rise motel a block up from the Synanon building and head down to the bar.

It's called the Menace Lounge. The bartender is a ponytailed relic from a Roger Corman vision of the beat era. When I ask for some Jamaican rum, she responds with bad teeth, "Rum's rum." A tall Arab in knee-

length leather coat crooked over the bar like a bad Genet dream talking about buying the bar and screwing women in the ass. The ponytail is digging it as he flips a five-dollar tip her way. A cocktail pianist drones on into the microphone under a red spot, effortlessly destroying racist myths of natural rhythm. Two drunk fags airily applaud and coo the entertainer's ruptured renditions of Nat King Cole. What is obviously the house regular bends into his vodka tonic, talking loudly about guns and a mutual friend of his and the ponytail who's up on grand theft auto. The Arab is now off into Zionism and how much the United States is at the mercy of OPEC and where he comes from women don't talk and take it in the ass. And I'm drifting into violent projections with an Ingram Mag 10, casually turning in the vinyl swivel chair, running off imaginary clips at waist level from one corner of the room to the other. I've been in L.A. less than four hours, and it has come to this.

*It's an experimental state for lots of things... the range of that experimentation goes from authentic nuts to government provocateurs. There are experiments not only for good, but evil.*

—Paul Krassner

Abruptly I downed the rest of my rum and took leave of this tortured crew for the enervating company of the television set in my room. I sat on the bed, desultorily going through my notes and clippings on California mayhem while waiting for the late edition of the news to come on the set.

That afternoon a suspect had been picked up by LAPD in the Hillside case, the series of murders that had begun on September 9, 1977. On that date the body of Laura Dean Collins was found near Forest Lawn Cemetery off the Ventura Freeway. She had been strangled and there were abrasions on the chest and throat. There was also evidence of sexual mutilation that was vaguely alluded to by the homicide detectives. Standard procedure to keep such details under wraps for several reasons, including the prevention of a copycat killer. Later it was learned the mutilation involved cutting away the labia and clitoris.

So there I was—on the Geek Beat in L.A. Within the flickerings of some forgettable movie and innumerable local commercials, I set to regain my grip on the purpose, the motivation, the *raison d'être*, the goddamn prize

for which I had plunged into this lurid Cracker Jack box of rape, murder and mutilation.

Aside from the money, of course.

I pawed through my notes, looking for clues.

In a country where murder has increased nearly 70 percent in the past decade, occurring every 20 minutes, California has killers of unique renown. The increase in rape is even more dramatic, and California features some of the most pernicious rapists in history. In California they kill and rape in startling quantities, in highly distinctive manners and for equally distinctive motivations. (Herb Mullin, who racked up 13 murders in 1972-73, took kill orders from his refrigerator.) And they are particular to the past decade, fusing the undertows of collective paranoia and self-loathing with the overt belief of the California ethos: California is the culmination of The American Dream. The future has come to pass and it is California.

I had spent far too much time getting close to this terrible condition—this violent convulsion that had come to be accepted as a natural course of events much like the earthquakes, the floods, the mudslides, the fires—the one that wipes great swaths of human life clean of the set by the hands of one or two persons, impersonally and monotonously. I recalled that I had come to California to see what lay in the aftermath of flowers and acid and revolution that waited halfway round the world and galvanized a generation. A week later the Tate-LaBianca murders took place. I remained eight years. Sooner or later, I thought, it had to come that I would be doing this story. Or one quite like it.

I picked up an excerpt from Kevin Starr's *Americans and the California Dream*. Starr related the thoughts of Arthur T. Johnson, a British visitor to 1910 Los Angeles.

Johnson detected something elusively evil, as if freedom, becoming license, were about to writhe back and gorge upon itself. Beneath the sense that all was possible, that anything went, lurked a baffled yearning for limits which in its frustration threatened to turn any minute into a repressive counter-force that denied the dream of liberation through which Californians mythically defined themselves. Put into the same context as all the unrestraint—the acting-out through costume and architecture, the theosophy, the neo-paganism, the free love—the blue laws of towns like Pasadena tended to confer a quality of





schizophrenia, indeed Manicheanism, upon this civilization of the South.

My god, I thought, 70 years later and that description remains grievously true. Decades of in-migration spewed the terminally ambitious and desperately deluded into the Los Angeles basin, vying with one another in a vast system of mobility and speed. Unique on the planet, California has more automobiles per capita and, in the past decade, more serial and mass murder than any other spot on earth. The two seem well woven, each into the other: speed and violence, personal mobility and impersonal mayhem.

The urgent tone of the late-night newscaster wrenched me out of this ersatz jeremiad. I looked up into the worn-out cathode visage of Jerry Dunphy, who was touting the "possible big break" in the Hillside Strangler case. He was followed on the screen by an obviously out-of-it human in black swim trunks, sporting a bandaged hand that a dog had bitten just before the cops and press mob swarmed him at his hillside home. The man was Ned York, an out-of-work actor going through bad marital problems. Ned had rung up the Hillside Strangler Task Force and copped to the then dozen vicious murder-mutilations.

Although LAPD denied it at the time, York was well under the influence of angel dust, an animal tranquilizer that interferes with the functions of the cerebral cortex, at the time he telephoned and when the officers arrived. It was learned York had a tenuous relationship with one of the victims, Kristina Weckler, but this turned out to be very remote. Daryl Gates, deputy chief at the time, was equivocal as to the significance of York's confession, and the following afternoon York was released. On Friday Ned called a press conference warning against the use of angel dust and inviting the real Strangler to turn himself in: "They'll be good to you. They were nice to me."

The overpublicized affair served everyone's purposes to one degree or another. The press horde had a screamer for 24 hours following a two-month drought since the last murder; LAPD had a momentary profile of making headway in the case; and York's wife was at his side during the press conference, talking reconciliation. Ned said he was getting some acting stints.

In some opinions, the evidence on York was not sufficient to warrant the flashy

pickup at York's home, well attended as it was by the media. Such opinions only led to the suspicion that the Hillside Strangler Task Force, a 150-member investigative organization formed back in late 1977, was not making the slightest progress. Pressures were coming to bear, reviving old animosities, fueling nascent political ambitions and, in general, causing the LAPD to come unglued. The Hillside Strangler was reverberating in rooms and in such ways he could not imagine.

The mayor's office was garnering credit for another "break" in the case—a scrawled, six-page letter to Mayor Tom Bradley. The writer claimed to be the Strangler, said he wanted to turn himself in. The letter lay on Bradley's desk for a week while the mayor was out of town. It had been postmarked January 19, 1978.

LAPD felt the letter had come as the result of Assistant Chief Gates's news conference—a routine in such cases where the A.C. declares that sooner or later the murderer will be caught and advises same to turn himself in. Very rarely does such an appeal have any effect whatsoever on such a criminal. But whoever wrote the letter did not send it to Gates or anyone at LAPD, but rather to the mayor. The writer also declared he would turn himself in to Bradley and to no one else. If the letter were a response to Gates's press statement, as LAPD wished it to be, it was a galling one. The writer was saying, in effect, I don't trust you guys.

The letter incident fueled the long-term animosity between Tom Bradley, a former LAPD lieutenant, and Chief Ed Davis. Davis had aided Sam "Slap Happy" Yorty in his campaign against Bradley, who happens to be black. The campaign was marked by its clumsy appeal to racial fears and vicious innuendoes on the part of Davis and Yorty. Throughout his career as chief of police, Big Ed Davis could only barely conceal his views of blacks and Chicanos. It was Them versus Us. Thus this raggedy letter drove another little wedge between the mayor's office and the upper floors of LAPD.

Only the first page of the ruled-tablet letter paper was released to the press. The press liaison cautioned that the rest of the letter was so sensitive, it could produce a copycat killer.

Dear Mr. Mayor  
PLEASE!

Lisson to me Iam very sick But I do not want to go back to that place I hate that place. My mother told me to kill those bad and evil ladys its not my fault my mother makes my head hurt that why I kill her but I can't get her out of my head she keep comin back I hate her

The letter was printed on every other line and by a hand that emphasized such words as *place*, *bad* and *kill* by applying heavier pressure to the pen. What was more interesting was the appearance that it had been written by more than one person. Certain letters were formed differently than others: *a*, *p* and *t*. The word *that* was written two different ways.

Although LAPD qualified itself for some months, the possibility that the Strangler was actually a two-man team became obvious with the death of victim number three. That theory became more convincing following the death of Cindy Lee Hudspeth, the thirteenth victim. Her body was found in the trunk of her car after it had been pushed from a hillside road near Pasadena. Witnesses observed a yellow van parked where Hudspeth's car had left the road. Whoever disposed of Hudspeth and her car had to have someone pick him up from the remote scene.

The ugly speculation that the Strangler was a policeman came floating up through the churning morass. It was obvious the Strangler was of the sexual sadist-misogynist persuasion and had it in for prostitutes and pickups in the netherworld of street corners and swinging disco bars. Most of the women had been tapped as "easy" victims. But breaking that stringent pattern were two others sacked up as Hillside victims, one 12 and one 14 years old.

I was out on the streets, mainly the Strip, talking to the ladies. Their show must go on, despite the possibility of terminal consequences. Only a few were willing to talk at length about the situation. Their reluctance seemed to stem from a quasi-superstition, not unlike the practice of the citizenry under the shadow of Dracula's castle, where the mere mention of his name causes a flurry of crossing and hexing. The more savvy hookers began confining themselves to known johns, going out in tandem and always leaving their destination behind with a friend. Pity those too strung out or stupid who hopped into whatever pulled over to the curb. It was like four-chambered Russian roulette.

*continued*





One would think that such a crisis would have pulled the cops and hookers into a mutually advantageous truce. But given the severe stance of Ed Davis and his vice squad, that was not the case. Ed Davis, in one of his bombastic displays of social callousness, had called for "the scum to be cleared from the streets." Davis was referring to the prostitutes and homosexuals, who he felt were ruining the graceful civilization that is Los Angeles. Davis said he was willing to use any means necessary to get the "human garbage" off the streets. The Hillside Strangler accommodated post haste.

As far as the hookers were concerned, at least those with whom I spoke, the task force was coming up with big zeros. These were the women who were most alarmed by the Strangler, and they felt LAPD just hadn't put that much effort into the case when it first became apparent the werewolves were loose.

"Do you really think," a disturbingly attractive young lady began to me, leaning over her grasshopper, "do you *really* think they would be this far out to lunch if this shit were happening in Bel Air or Beverly Hills? I *mean*, honey, you wouldn't be sitting here now because they would have that sick bastard put away. Oh, no. They don't care how many girls go down on this thing." The corners of her mouth turned down and she aged, bitterly, right before my eyes.

Lucille, a 28-year-old veteran of Hollywood nightlife, now matron d'hotel of a strip bar on Sunset, began speaking with a short brushing of her three-ringed hand.

"The whole town's going to pot. It's awful. Not like it used to be. Oh, there was the Black Dahlia, but nowadays..."

She gave a shudder and wiped something unseen from in front of her eyes. Perhaps the gesture was meant to chase the memory of the wicked murder in Los Angeles during the 1940s, notoriously monickered The Black Dahlia, which is still unsolved and tantalizes succeeding generations of crime reporters. On the other hand, Lucille's mind was probably on the Strangler.

"I've tried to tell these girls, but they just won't listen. I tell them not to work alone, don't go out with anyone you're not damn sure of. They won't listen. Now the girls in here don't go with anybody. None of that." She gave me a sharp look right into my eyes to punctuate that information. "And the vice squad! They're never there when you

need them. They could be helping these girls, helping get this bastard put away. But no. Things are worse. Just awful."

\* \* \*

I decided to pull a sleuthing device that had become popular in California but was spreading to cop shops throughout the country: a psychic. Ever since the Tate murders in 1969, psychics were being called in more and more frequently by stumped police. They had been used in the Zodiac case, the Chowchilla kidnapping, the Santa Cruz murders. A woman who had been called in on one of the above cases was a friend of a friend, and she consented to give a reading on the Strangler. The reading was done one night in the Pasadena hills in a huge house fitted out with a wall-to-wall collection of antique clockwork toys and carny attractions. Perfect.

She pulled out her tarot deck some time after midnight and spread it before me on a large table. At that time, it was firm in my mind there was more than one person involved in the stranglings. She asked me which cards I wished to represent the killers. I chose the Knight of Cups for one reading. A deceptive figure with unpredictable currents running through his mental act, a mild-mannered Jekyll and Hyde. The other card was the darkest. Terminally violence prone, the evil dreamer, the Nine of Swords.

The first card was read, and she allowed this person was under influences he could not control but was making an effort to thwart murderous urgings. In fact, she said, this person was trying to give himself up but didn't know how or was fearful of the consequences. I should point out this woman was not familiar with the letter that had been sent to the mayor; she lived out of state. In this same reading she saw a female persona, either actually existing or fantasized, that exerted extreme pressures on this individual.

The second reading was more dramatic than the first, and later proved to be more accurate. This character was extremely violent, not only in the acts of murder, but in day-to-day living. Highly volatile and prone to snapping into violence on the least provocation. A man of dark complexion who felt complete only when he was committing murder, which, according to the reading, he had been doing prior to the Hillside Stranglings.

I asked her later that night if the two persons or personas could possibly have been

doing this number together. She said it was quite possible, even probable; the Nine of Swords was the perfect trigger of the Knight of Cups's Hydean nature. And perhaps, I thought to myself, they're in the same body grappling it out like Maniac Marc Lewin and Harley Race. As it turned out two years later, the psychic and I were onto some high-class hoodoo that Pasadena night.

Then she capped it all by saying he would kill again within the next three weeks. "It's not over," she said. "He won't stop until he is caught or dies."

Two weeks later to the day, the body of Cindy Lee Hudspeth was found. The psychic had made a hard two from 30 feet. Her body was stuffed into the trunk of her car at the bottom of a hill in the Angeles Forest north of her Glendale home. The Strangler's seventh victim, Kristina Weckler, lived across the street from Hudspeth, who was the thirteenth victim. Weckler was the distant acquaintance of Ned York. But there was another acquaintance of both Weckler and Hudspeth. A man whose name had been given to the task force but who was never checked out. A man whom LAPD would never lay their cuffs on. The man who was the Hillside Strangler.

Desperate for humor and what did I find on Hollywood Boulevard but a bumper sticker: Honk if you're the Hillside Strangler. This was stuck on a red VW that I pulled next to at a light. A young woman driving, blond hair, early 20s, wire-rim glasses. She looked in my direction, smiling that Have-a-Nice-Day vacuity. I looked back at her through black lenses and honked the horn. She paused a beat, then grinned. I didn't and gave the horn another punch. She turned away. Another honk. She wasn't smiling now and her engine raced. She gave a furtive glance my way. I still wasn't smiling. On green, her car popped off the pedestrian stripe, jerked through the gears and made a sudden right off the boulevard without signaling. So much for Hollywood yocks. I hoped she was scared enough to strip the damn thing off her bumper.

\* \* \*

*I'm the innocent bystander  
Somehow I got stuck  
Between the rock and the hard place  
And I'm down on my luck  
I'm a desperate man*





*Send lawyers, guns and money  
The shit has hit the fan.*

—Warren Zevon

I was scheduled to take the PSA commuter flight north to San Francisco and, as usual, found myself running in place to catch up. The cause in this particular instance was a small black notebook that set off a mini Hitchcock movie behind my back. I was running late and discovered the notebook was missing while packing up to leave. It contained addresses, phone numbers and pages of coyote journalism pertaining to the stranglings. I scoured my hurting brain and recalled I had left the damned thing in a phone booth in Santa Monica. I jammed the car through traffic and arrived at the booth, which was located at a service station. The notebook wasn't there and no one had turned it in to the pump jockey on duty. That's what he told me and I took it to be true.

But that wasn't true. As I was pulling on a Bloody Mary several thousand feet above the Pacific Coast, my notebook was in the hands of the Hillside Strangler Task Force and I had landed in the suspects' hopper. The unwitting fugitive ordered another Bloody Mary and began leafing through his notes on the other current star of the misogyny mash, Stinky the Rapist. The sun sank smirking into the west.

\* \* \*

*Talkin' 'bout the midnight rambler  
the one you never seen before  
I'm called the hit and run raper  
in anger...*

—Jagger/Richards

Amid all the other horrors the '70s gave us, the most deserving of peoples, was the screaming rise of violent crime directed toward women. California led the way in such statistics. Back in L.A., the Pillowcase Rapist was credited with 200 rapes in a four-year period—probably an exaggerated figure. His monicker came from his M.O.: He always covered his victim's head with a pillowcase, a habit he shared with the terrifying rapist of Berkeley known as Stinky. Both were burglar rapists. But Stinky made his mark by his odor, one that reminded his victims of some petroleum product. And Stinky's case was not exaggerated. More than 60 women were attacked by this man. He was terrifying in his methodology, frus-

trating police year after year.

Lt. D.C. Smithson of the Berkeley Police Department was heading the Stinky investigation when I arrived in Berkeley. He looks a bit like Walter Matthau, but he wasn't very funny that day.

"I have never known of a rapist who has been successful for so long," Smithson spoke evenly as he sat across the desk from me. "I feel safe to say this is the longest continual crime series that this community has ever faced. I must speak to a great amount of frustration on the part of the police department, as well as that of the community. This person seems to have a bad feeling directed toward just Berkeley. That may sound a little strange, but you look at his pattern and there are no cases that have occurred just over the city limits. Is this something he is seeking to do to this community?"

Stinky was as professional as a rapist can get. He came armed in the night with a knife taken from the home of the victim. He never carried one in and always left it behind. He wore socks or mittens on his hands. There were no latent fingerprints that could be linked to him. He disabled the phone after he entered the house, always after midnight. He would remain in the house for hours, terrorizing his victims. And he is on the streets till this day.

"He is doing a lot of his own surveillance work," Smithson noted, "prior to the time of making an entry to the victim's residence. In several instances he has told the victim some personal things that have occurred inside their residences. He told one lady, 'Your sister has been visiting you and I know she went home last Sunday.' Well, this was true, and it makes it very obvious he is doing a lot of nighttime surveillance. Peeping in. Listening. Gathering a lot of data."

Chilling. Obsessive in his calculation, Stinky never took anything traceable: only folding money, passing up coin collections and rolls of dimes.

"I personally think this person has a criminal record. He is very careful not to be seen, placing something over his victim's head immediately. Somebody has his picture and prints. He may have even had contact with this department. If we found him today, sitting over in that chair, the truth is we would be very hard put to make a case."

One of the few things BPD had going for it was a relatively new method of identification, a method known as a biologic, involv-

ing body fluids and DNA structure of cells. The seminal fluids that were gathered from the victims and at the crime scenes placed Stinky in 3.7 percent of the black male population. Given the paucity of evidence, this was the strongest piece of identification Smithson and BPD had. The odor gave off in 60 percent of the cases was variously described as gasoline, oil, burned plastic and a smelly depilatory. Standard Oil turned over a large sampling of various petroleum products to BPD in the hope the odor could be isolated. There were no results.

Smithson and BPD hoped for the one hot call that would have popped Stinky in the middle of his rape recon. But Stinky's obsessive methods kept any such fortuitous incident from happening.

I remarked that perhaps, on one of these dark nights when Stinky is going about his business of checking out a victim, spying through a window, someone on the other side of that window will pull a trigger and blow him up.

"Although I'm a relatively humane person," Smithson said with just the slightest wistfulness coming to his eyes, "it would not hurt my feelings if he were, to use your words, blown up. He's out there and we're trying to find him and that's our only hope."

Hope would not be enough, as Smithson and his fellow investigators would learn in a year. On October 27, 1978, Berkeley police, armed with a search warrant, arrested a man in Oakland on suspicion of being the rapist known as Stinky. Based on biological information and certain other incriminating evidence, this man was held for three days and was released on Halloween, 1978. For more than three months following his release, BPD and staff from the Alameda County District Attorney's office met daily, desperately working to build a viable case for prosecution. In February 1979, District Attorney Lowell Jensen determined such a case was not possible. Berkeley police have closed the casebook on Stinky. The district attorney's office has done the same. However, sources at both departments responding to the question Do you think, in your gut, with all the evidence and identification you were able to make on this suspect, that the rapist known as Stinky was in your custody in October 1978? quickly and quietly replied in the affirmative.

More sobering and frustrating is the knowledge that on January 14, 1981, the

*continued on page 97*



# Pruning for Production

by Peter Beck

While silently savoring the sweet high of that final sticky sinse bud from last year's crop, your thoughts drift ahead to the reality of the upcoming season. There must be a way to extend the precious supply of home-grown smoke until the next harvest without suffering through the seedy overpriced Colombian imports of the summer and fall drought months. Stop, hold that high!

Fortunately, the staff of Applied Hydroponics, makers of the Hydropot, has an answer to this dilemma for all growers, big or small. Whether you've got an innocent-looking closet or are getting ready to cultivate that secluded acreage, "Pruning for Production" is the ticket toward multiplying your yield.

Most growers don't realize the full potential of their plants because they allow too much stem to form in the first weeks of the seedling's life. By following the production pruning techniques described below, you can stimulate early primary branching and set the stage for bigger returns at harvest time.

To utilize these methods effectively, there are a few prerequisites the prudent grower must take into account. One of the first considerations is an early start. While the indoor gardener sets his own time schedule, it's important for the outdoor grower to get going one to two months in advance of the normal planting dates. This allows time for seed sprouting and stimulating of the primary branching and still allows the grower a long and rewarding growing season ahead. Now that you've realized that you're late already, you've got to find some seeds immediately. But, be selective.

To end up with great smoke, you must start with great seed.

The layered paper towel method is a good way to sprout them. Keep the towel moist and in a warm dark spot until the seedlings reach about two inches long. It's a good idea to start using peat starter pellets at this point because they provide a good rooting medium and are easily transplantable. Place the seedling gently into a thin hole as deep as the seedling is with the cotyledon leaves (rounded set) just above the surface. A seedling will comfortably grow in just the peat pellet until it's ten inches tall. Just keep the peat pellet moist.

Now, the plants need light. Vita-light Power Twists are the best lights you can use for an early start because they are the closest thing to natural sunlight. Give the seedlings 18 hours of light per day. Make sure there's enough light so the plants can be spread a couple of inches apart and still be directly underneath the fixtures. Maintaining a distance of three to six inches above the plant tops will keep the plants from stretching too much and getting spindly. Whether you've used the above information to reach this point or you have your own tested techniques to get here, it's time to move on to "Pruning for Production."

The first stage of pruning starts when the plant's first bracket of leaves above the cotyledon leaves reach at least one-half inch each in length. Clip just the larger leaf off across its stem without injuring the main stem (Fig. 1). Cutting off this leaf will stimulate a new branch to grow on the side opposite the cut. As each succes-



Fig. 1



Fig. 2



Fig. 3



sive bracket of new leaves develops on the main stem, clip the larger leaf off when the set measures at least one-half inch each in length. Continue this until the plant reaches about ten inches tall.

As you continue clipping leaves off the main stem, you will notice new branches forming in the axils of the main stem and the sun leaves that are opposite the various clipped sides. Each new branch will be a smaller copy of the main stem. Each time this new growth develops to about one-half inch in the axils, the remaining sun leaf should be removed (Fig. 2). Removal of the sun leaves stimulates new growth and will result in many small leaves instead of a few large ones.

Soon after the sun leaves below each area of new growth have been removed, the new

about ten inches tall, there should be a set of branches about every inch or so along the main stem. At this height you should select your best plants for transplanting to their permanent growing medium and switch over to "Maintenance Pruning." "Maintenance Pruning" for soil growers consists solely of removing sun leaves as soon as new growth in the axils reaches approximately a half to one inch long. By removing these sun leaves you're encouraging additional secondary branching and allowing greater light penetration to the interior growth. Following these guidelines will greatly increase your yield, and this is just the beginning.

So, sit back, savor the silent sensations, and look forward to the next harvest of bountiful buds instead of stems and stalks (Fig. 5). □

**Yes, Virginia, there is a way to extend your precious supply of homegrown until next season.**

growth should be clipped. Clip the larger leaf of the new growth when the leaf reaches one-quarter to one-half inch in length (Fig. 3). Once again you are stimulating a new branch to form opposite this cut.

Treat each branch as if it were a main stem by clipping the top set as it reaches the right size (half-inch leaves) and moving down along the branch removing any sun leaves with new growth in their axil bigger than one-half inch and clipping the larger side of any new growth as its leaves develop to a quarter to a half inch in length. You will soon realize that many new branches (and tops) are being stimulated along each of the branches and main stem by simply removing sun leaves as they reach the right size (Fig. 4).

The two kinds of pruning in the initial stage, then, are clipping the larger side of the new leaf brackets as they develop on the main stem and branch tops, and removing sun leaves after the new branches develop in their respective axils. By the time the plant reaches



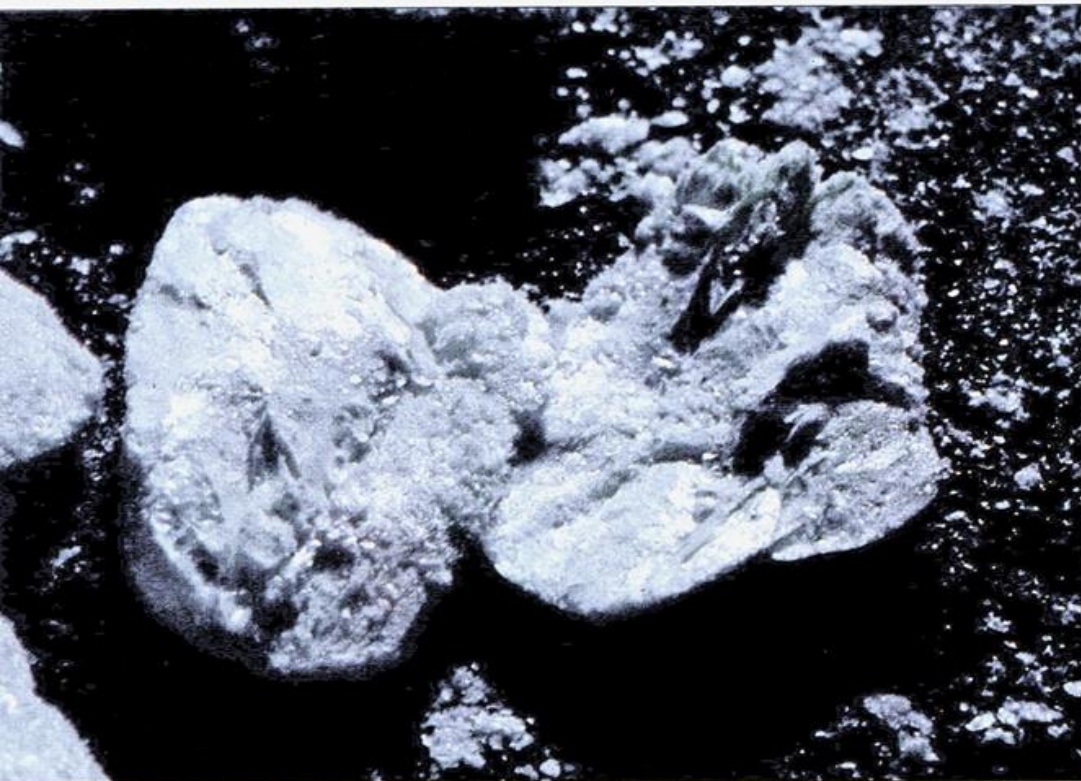
Fig. 4



Fig. 5



# COCAINE CONFIDENTIAL



BOUT 5,000 YEARS AGO, THE natives of Andean America discovered that cocaine (in coca) is helpful when working or traveling at high altitudes where oxygen pressure is low. In tiny doses, it stimulates the central and sympathetic nervous systems, the electrical activity of the brain, and the cardiovascular system as well, without damaging bodily tissues. It increases the metabolism enough to ward off the extreme exhaustion and nausea (mountain sickness) that people feel when deprived of oxygen. When pure cocaine hydrochloride, instead of coca, is used at altitudes below about 12,000 feet, the drug instantly boosts all bodily systems just as it would at high altitude. This is the source of the euphoria and increased vigor that users desire.

*The key to successful cocaine use is to use it less than you want to.*

## Connoisseurship by Michael Aldrich



COCAINE IS A DANGEROUS DRUG. It is not marijuana. Cocaine has its own karma of mental and physical effects: Improperly used, it can lead to severe nose, heart and respiratory problems. It can cause sudden death. Whether these sobering realities occur or not is up to the user. The drug itself can't decide whether it will be used well or badly, and the drug doesn't care.

Moreover, cocaine is perhaps the most "positively reinforcing" of drugs. Lab monkeys will kill themselves trying to get it. The difference between a monkey and a human in this regard is that the human can be very discriminating about what gets put into his or her system. First by asking questions, then by making subtle distinctions and choices, the human can become a connoisseur.

Connoisseurship means paying attention. Connoisseurship is a yoga of personal health care, willpower and moral responsibility. This is more than the ability to identify different products or to perform simple tests of product purity. Ultimately, connoisseurship means saving your own life.

In 1978 the U.S. government estimated that 6.5 million Americans had tried cocaine, and that number has probably tripled by now. But most consumers have

never seen real cocaine. The first stage of connoisseurship is learning to distinguish pure cocaine from the other coca alkaloids, adulterants and residues of acids and solvents that usually accompany it in the illicit market.

Pure cocaine is the Holy Grail. It sparkles like snow. It goes in easy in the nose. It doesn't burn. Soon you feel no pain. That's sweet cocaine.

The ideal natural dose of cocaine is that delivered by chewing coca leaves—a tiny amount released slowly and steadily into the system along with a nice complement of vitamins and minerals. If you're not getting off on one or two half-inch (five milligram) lines, either your coke is adulterated or you've had too much recently. With pure cocaine, reduce your dose at least by half and perhaps down to one-fourth the size of a line you used to snort. In these circumstances, laying out tiny little lines is a source of pride, not of embarrassment.

The key to successful cocaine use is to use it less than you want to. Put another way, "moderation in all things" is the way to protect yourself against cocaine abuse. This takes real willpower, which begins by turning down a pretty white powder that's been cut to smithereens, and by using uncut cocaine unbelievably sparingly.

This additional energy is rarely expended by contemporary cocaine users who use it as a party drug rather than a work drug. Here the energy is cycled even faster with big doses repeated fairly frequently. It builds up rapidly until it peaks, which is the state sought by users. After that the energy drains away until the consumer has a strong urge for another hit. This minicycle of reward and sag, reward and sag, constantly reinforces the user's desire for more. "Psychological dependency" is the moral trick, the sudden curve at the end of the tunnel of rewards. Self-control is the only way to break the cycle. The ability to say No is the hallmark of the connoisseur.

In the excitement of sweet cocaine, people tend to ignore the signals of stress that their body is giving them. To recapture the unique grace of a first hit, users snort more and more, or turn to injecting it or smoking freebase. Tolerance builds up. When the party's over and they can't get to sleep, they drink alcohol, take a downer or smoke a lot of weed. In the morning they feel utterly crummy and reach for another hit to start the cycle again.

If cocaine is used in this manner for days, weeks or months, all the systems involved in the energy boost are severely stressed and often damaged. Cocaine is a strong vasoconstrictor: It constricts the blood vessels, which supply oxygen to living tissues such as the septum. Repeated coke sniffing can cause an ulcer that eventually wears right through and perforates the cartilage, leaving the sniffer an easy prey for bacterial infections. The heart is stressed and may suddenly malfunction. Cocaine increases

Adapted from the introduction to the revised *Cocaine Handbook* by David Lee, forthcoming from And/Or Press; ©1981 by Michael Aldrich.



the heart rate and blood pressure, so people with heart problems or high blood pressure should not use cocaine at all. In addition, cocaine acts as an anesthetic by blocking nerve transmission: Certain synaptic messages get garbled or not sent, resulting in anxiety, paranoia, poor judgment and sometimes hallucinations. While the brain is frenzied, the nerves and muscles controlling the heart and lungs may be anesthetized. In an overdose situation, delirium, gasping for air, convulsions and unconsciousness followed by death from respiratory failure may result. This is the wrong way to use cocaine.

In the event of an overdose, have the victim lie down with the head lower than the body; maintain breathing by artificial respiration; and get the victim to a hospital as quickly as possible. *Do not* give the victim more drugs of any kind: Downers may cause death by further depressing the victim's breathing. The best "cure" for an overdose is to make sure it doesn't happen in the first place—by using less than you want.

**T**

HE RIGHT WAY TO USE COCAINE is to pay close attention to your body and mind, your pocketbook and your product. Buy less than you can afford. Use real cocaine in

preference to cuts, though you may want to cut your own with mannitol to avoid teeth-grinding wiredness. To snort cocaine properly, crush, chop or screen your coke to a very fine powder. Use small (0.05–0.10 gram) doses. Aim it high up inside the nasal cavity.

If you intend to work behind cocaine, do it no more than three times a day, to build a gentle plateau of stimulation like that provided by coca. Personally, I find a cup of coffee in the morning and another in the early afternoon a much better stimulus for work.

If you like to party with cocaine, treat it like a guest—a temporary visitor, not a resident. Become consciously aware of how much it takes to get *you* high—this varies with individuals—and stop there. When you recognize the excitement of the cocaine high, take it easy. Don't be greedy, and don't show off about how much you can toot. Soon you'll discover what level is optimal for you, and how to maintain that level with progressively smaller, not larger, doses. Set a time limit: Okay, I'm going to get high until midnight, but that's enough. There's always a next time.

Temporary abstinence greatly increases the power of the next high. Between parties, go without cocaine, and space your coke sessions well apart. Pay attention to that feeling of revulsion for cocaine that chronic users often get: It means it's time to stop using coke for a while. Only if the lag is present can the body and mind restore themselves to normal health; and only then is the reward worthwhile. □



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# JAMES DEAN

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## AN APPRECIATION

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T E X T B Y  
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*All of Stock's photographs of Dean are available in a limited edition portfolio James Dean Revisited. For more information contact Ron Cayen, 30 East 95th Street, New York, N.Y. 10028.*







**H**E WAS THE KID IN DENIM, the kid in leather; the kid on a motorbike; the kid with a joint, hash, peyote, bennies; the kid who fucked and sucked, and, grinning, let himself be fucked and sucked in return. He was the lost kid, the kid without a ma, with a distant disapproving dad; the kid—alone—who liked to prowler the streets past curfew, in wind-strewn alleyways and under the garish, winking neon. He was the kid on the road, on a chopper, a “whizzer” or a Porsche, gobbling up the asphalt in a sensual fury. He was the moody kid, the kid with Cocteau and Colette on the shelf, “progressive jazz” piping on the hi-fi, hands idly tapping on bongos. He was the kid with a cocked eye and a smirk and a flagrant hard-on, the kid who liked to unzip his fly in

front of shocked rubbernecks; narcissistic, with “tongues of fire” for a hairstyle, and half-blind eyes peering out from a crooked, oddly beautiful face—the kid who knew his marks absolutely, and knew how to hook them.

And he was the kid from the farm, from prairie-corn-and-sunny-highway-flat Indiana, with straight A's on his report card and basketball and track letters, the kid from “good, hard-working, Christian” stock—with the mask of silence and the evil glint in his eye. He was the kid who'd been indulged and loved and never understood, the kid whose mother named him after Lord Byron and whose first intellectual mentor was a preacher named De Weerd. He was the show-off, the joker, the kid who liked to scare the shit out of you





with his crazy stunts and weird trips. He was the kid on the bottom, the used and abused hustler scrambling for a break. He was the kid on the flashing Hollywood marquee, a hundred feet high in the blazing night, with millions of women and thousands of men lusting for his ass.

He was the fresh, sweet kid who'd tasted poison . . . and caught the savor in its sting. He thought he was Marlon Brando, Monty Clift, Manolete, Rodger Ward, St.-Exupery's Little Prince . . . and he was all of them, and none of them. He was the Dreamer. The Clown. The Racer. The Rebel.

He was Jimmy Dean.

("J.D." James Byron Dean. Jim Stark-Jett Rink-Cal Trask. The Rebel Without a Cause, banished somewhere in the East of Eden, who became a Giant in his death . . . perhaps because he'd always

chased death—or, more accurately, chased the Immortality he was sure death would bring.)

**W**HEN JAMES DEAN DIED—AT the intersection of highways 41 and 466, sometime after 5:30 p.m. on September 30, 1955—he was a 24-year-old movie star, with one big hit under his belt and two more in the can. Everything, it seemed, lay before him. He was on the way to a race in Salinas (ironically, the site of his first movie, *East of Eden*). He was driving a white Porsche—his nickname for it was "the Little Bastard"—and he was driving it recklessly, dangerously, perhaps as much as 40 miles above the speed limit. At the crotch of 41 and 466, he collided with a





Technicolor Cinemascope screen. But there was something more, too. Who could have predicted that their loyalty to this tyro actor in blue jeans would so far outstrip and survive his death? Would survive their youth, too—and the times that engendered them—and would, in turn, grip the next wave of youth, and the wave after that, nettle them, get under their skin, give them a touchstone, an idol, and, in the end, make James Dean something he always sought—in his confused, inchoate, murderously determined way—to be: a symbol. Immortal. The Man Who Could Cheat Death.

As he might have said himself, reflecting on all of this (and coping another gesture from his own idol, Marlon Brando): "Wow!"

Yeah, he survived as long as he did, and embodied as much, for the same reason he died fast and young: because he had enormous, almost foolhardy courage. Poring over the spectacle of his life is like watching Icarus, or a flamenco dancer doing his stuff barefoot on live coals while swallowing a sword. Dean took risks continually—in his life as well as his acting. He set himself up for catastrophe . . . and slipped the trap time after time. He was lucky; something in his appearance—gentle and savage—something in his confusions and torment, his hunger and his drives inspired such love and fascination in the people around him, that they forgave him everything, helped him continuously . . . and, however he may have paid them back or stiffed them in life, had all their passion and faith vindicated in the end.

He became the symbol of his age—because he was alive to all its crazy contradictions. In his three big films—*East of Eden*, *Rebel Without a Cause* and *Giant*—he created a character (himself—and that part of himself he discovered and implanted in his roles) that struck at the soul of his country, burned away much of the bullshit and left the guts, naked and passionate and undisguised. America is obsessed with youth. Dean was Youth personified, Youth made immortal. America is acquisitive, driven to compete; yet also ashamed, conscience-stricken. So was Dean. America is "open, unabashed" . . . but it also has guilty secrets. So did Dean. America is a nation of voluptuaries and moralists, pilgrims and hedonists. Dean had both the top and flip side. America is obsessed with speed, progress, forward motion; fixated on sexuality-minus-love and love-minus-sex; servile and contemptuous, a bully and an introvert. America is a city kid—restless, roaming the streets, hunting kicks—

black Plymouth limousine, driven by a young man with the madly prosaic name of Donald Turnupseed; the Porsche crumpled and the steering wheel gored Dean's chest like a crazed bull who'd just slipped through the matador's veronicas. His passenger, Rolf Weutherich, was thrown clear. Turnupseed also survived. But James Dean, 24, was dead on arrival.

And it seemed his career was dead, too. But careers, images, are funny things. Dean—in the space of barely a year and a half—had, beyond all odds or expectations, done something rich and permanent. His audience saw it first. They were the teenagers of the '50s—the first rock 'n' roll generation, and the ancestors, in many ways, of the '60s and '70s generations: Presley, Dylan, the hippies, the pot-heads, and the punks, and all the rest. They saw in Dean an image of themselves: purified, idealized, and spread triumphantly across a



yet it always stops in the bars and reminisces over its lost past . . . back there in the country, on the farm, out beyond the wheat and the streets and the valleys and the back roads. That's Jimmy Dean, too. He embraced it all, caught everything.

At the roots of that character are things every generation that followed could grab fast and completely—terror, alienation and the wild pursuit of beauty. In both *East of Eden* and *Rebel Without a Cause*, Dean plays the "bad boy" riding out there on the meanest streets, who secretly yearns to be "good," to be "accepted," to "belong" . . . cut off from his family, not because he hates them, but because he loves them more fully than they can grasp. In *East of Eden*, his character is "Cain," but a "Cain" sweeter and worthier and more good than his dull, tight-ass brother, Abel. In *Rebel*, his entire struggle is a quest to be worthy of his father—or, rather, not what his father is (a timid, pallid, henpecked wimp) but what he *should* be. In these movies, Elia Kazan and Nicholas Ray picked Dean not for what he could *fake*, but for what he was. Kazan knew instantly that Dean was Cal Trask . . . and Ray shaped his entire movie around Dean's character, eccentricities and naked battering emotions.

Kazan and Ray tapped Jimmy's veins and they both got masterpieces—and Ray got something of a cultural shock wave in the bargain. *Rebel Without a Cause*. An American classic, an explosion in hot reds and velvety blacks. Passion on a dragstrip; Apocalypse with rhythm and blues. And with the role Dean probably never would have surpassed (as Brando never really surpassed Stanley Kowalski or Terry Malloy; had to become a different Brando, in fact, to even attempt it). Jim Stark. (Even the name is stripped, essential.) The "bad kid from the right side of town." The incipient alcoholic. The gentle introvert who loves fast cars, and whose night moves and advances toward sex are delicate and elliptical. The guy who can't stand to be called "chicken," and who aims a jack at your head when he hears the word. The kid in a gaudy red jacket, T-shirt and jeans, who, in instances of stress, presses a milk bottle to his face and forehead . . . who has a neurotic, battle-ax mother, a jellyfish dad and a scheming grandma whipping up the family hurricanes. The kid who "never figured I'd live to see 18," and who just wants one day where he doesn't have to be confused or hurt, one day where he feels he belongs. Who grins delightedly as he revs up for the chicken run on the cliff's edge; and who stares up, enraptured, as the universe explodes above his head in the Griffith planetarium, and who screams in the police station with furious intensity, his face a wrenched boiling mask of agony: "You're tearing me apart!"

## NICK RAY, KAZAN AND GIANT'S

George Stevens, they were a trio of American romantics; and in James Dean, from Fairmount, they found the real, raw stuff—something primal and explosive. One of the most concentrated, self-absorbed actors in all movies—someone who could, while blowing himself out emotionally, simultaneously suck all the tension, all the energy in a screen back in toward himself, fixate everyone. Perhaps part of this power came because he was nearsighted; because, in all his films, he couldn't see much of what was happening—and, therefore, fell back on himself; created a universe out of his body, his face and his words; and forced the other actors to adjust to his rhythm—enter his world. James Dean is the Saint of Narcissism, adolescent confusion, anguish, and the struggle to belong. The world of his three major movies is *his* world—and when, as in *Giant*, the emphasis shifts away from him, it almost seems as if the world has been torn from its axis.

So, 25 years later, Dean still means as much as—perhaps more than—he did just after his crack-up, in that first wave of that crazed flood of national necrophilia. People still obsess on him. He is *the* American actor of his period: more than Brando, more than Monroe, more than Duke Wayne—not necessarily because he was *better* (he never really matched Brando, his unapproachable idol to the



end), but because he made this awful, eerie conjunction between his life and his acting; because he was too driven (too high, too crazy, maybe) to know when to stop; because his integrity was absolute and suicidal; because he was too much, too completely "the actor." He took the image and gestures of a confused, beleaguered, sad, joyous kid—and filtered them through the whole dark social canvas of America—and made them over into the gestures of a God.

If James Dean had lived, he would have made more movies with Nick Ray; and he would have played the roles in *The Battler* and *Somebody Up There Likes Me* and *The Left-Handed Gun* that went, after his death, to Paul Newman. He would probably have tried his hand at writing, direction—and, perhaps, like Brando, he would have been squelched. Maybe he would have destroyed himself in different ways—slower, easier. Or maybe his personality would have radically shifted . . . away from tension and restlessness and anger. But, because he died on the way to Salinas, at that moment in time, he stays frozen there forever at the crossroads. His image is eternal. You can't imagine any other Jimmy Dean than the one we see in the movies, the one that still existed in that split second before the crash, as he screamed to Rolf Weutherich: "That guy's got to stop!"

That's when it finally happened. He was torn apart. And he pressed the accelerator once too often, and didn't swerve at the last instant at highways 41 and 466, and he died at the hands of fate and a guy named Turnupseed. And 25 years later, his bones rest in the Indiana dirt. But his soul keeps blazing away up on a thousand silver screens. He goes through all the motions of eternity again and again . . . roars off toward the cliff in the "blind run," presses a tentative kiss on Natalie Wood in the gathering darkness, huddles cold and lonely on the freight train carrying him through golden waving cropland—and yearns for that day, that one clear day, that day without confusion or hurt or loneliness, that last day of serenity and quiet that all of us want to find, too. Rest in peace, James Dean. . . . No; the Hell with that. Bullshit. Wherever you are, hit the gas again, and keep on trying. □



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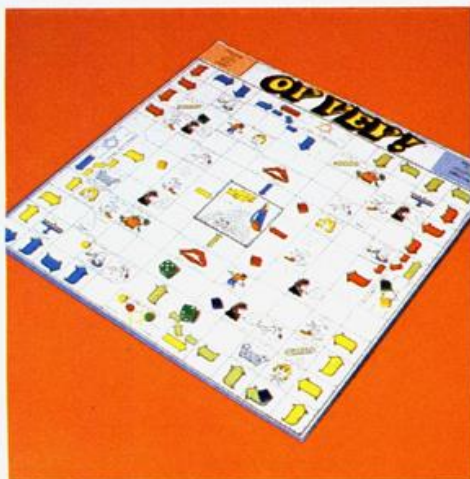
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# pleasures



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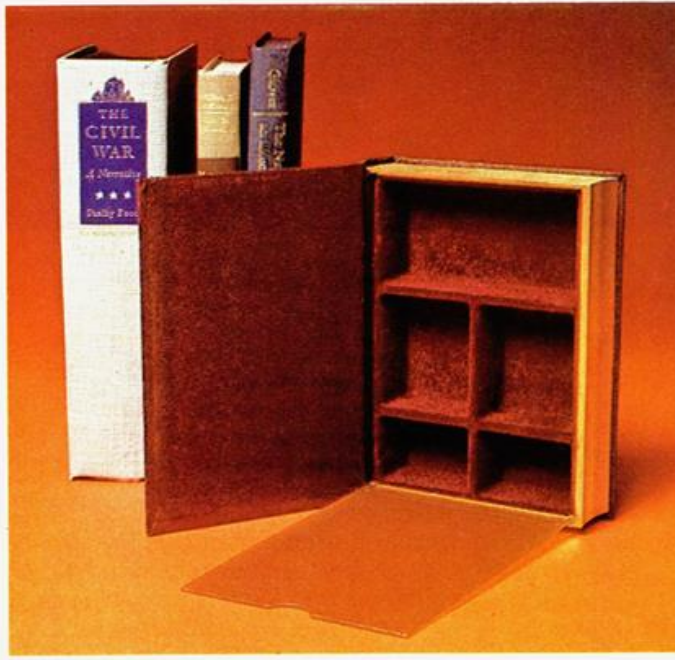


## LET'S KEEP POLITICS CORRUPT!

Two Philadelphia lawyers figured if the feds could play both sides against the middle, they could too. And so can you. The Abscam Game, \$9.95 ppd., in plain brown wrapper. Arabian Knights Enterprises, 425 Fifteenth St., Dept. HT, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

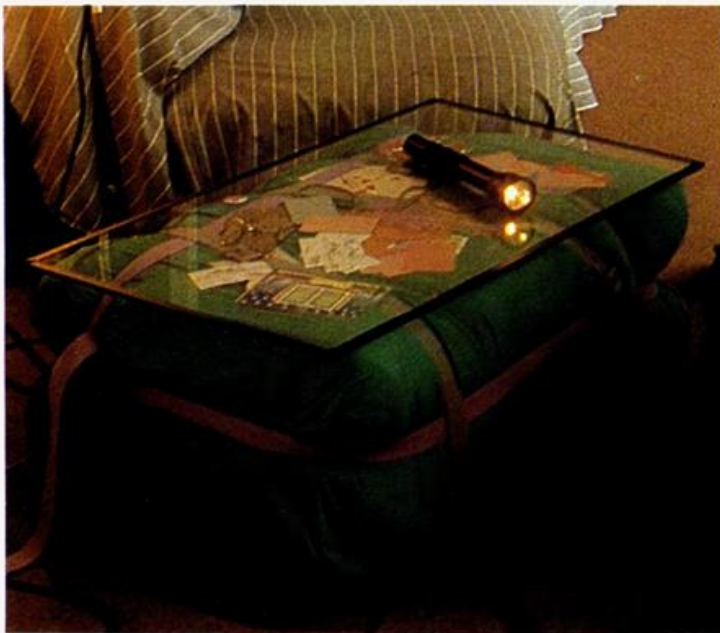
## DON'T BURN THIS BOOK!

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# pleasures High Interiors.



Photos by Fawcett Giovanni

## LOST OR FOUND?

by Eleanore Kennedy

Ain't nothin' on this page you can buy. Naught. *Nada*. Look: no prices, no addresses to mail away to.

Even Dan Friedman, the graphic designer who lives here, isn't sure where the objects that fill his Greenwich Village loft come from. It's not *where* he gets this stuff that we want to tell you about—it's *how*. All the furniture you see here was once garbage. Dan found it, in the streets.

The coffee table is a chunk of gutter foam that Dan wrapped in fabric remnants and topped with a glass slab. The light fixture—more refuse—is an old Tiffany-type shade, wrapped with a miniparachute so that it emits light.

Not everything here was scavenged. Some of the furnishings were actually purchased in thrift shops or industrial stores. The shelving is industrial metal. The convex mirrors are the kind stores use for surveillance. Dan's not worried about ripoffs. He just liked the shape.

Dan redecorates about once a week. He likes to think of himself as always being in a state of "orderly chaos."

Say what? You really wanna "do" your own place like this? And we still haven't told you where to find all this chic...er...uh...stuff? Look, we're not *Apartment Life*. Why don't you just go on down to Dan's place early next week. Before the garbage trucks get there.



# pleasures

## HAUTE CUISINE

### Recipes by David Caraway

Last time this mag had a party, our friends baked a cake. Into the mix they poured a special tribute: three ounces of high-grade homegrown. Our friends sang "Happy Birthday" and cut the cake. Crunch, crunch. Uh-oh, we concluded.

So we sought out expert advice. At long last we located a famed chef and secret head who agreed to show us how to cook with dope and get fried in the process.

"THC, the stuff that gets you off, is soluble in fats, oils and alcohol, not in Betty Crocker mix," he explained patiently. Sugar in moderate doses will speed the digestive process; so will a little straight food, but too much will dilute the potency of your recipe.

The foundation for all the recipes here is Basic Grass Butter (below): You can use the resulting THC-rich, high-priced spread in almost any other recipe that calls for butter. Pour some over freshly made popcorn, toss in grated parmesan cheese for flavor, and turn on a crowd. Below are more easy, party-sized recipes.

### BASIC GRASS BUTTER

1 lb. butter

1 to 3 oz. grass, finely sifted

*To clarify butter:* Melt butter over low heat, making sure it doesn't burn. Remove from heat and let stand for a few minutes, allowing milk solids to settle to bottom. Carefully pour yellow portion into another container, leaving white milk solids on bottom of pan. Discard milk solids. The butterfat is the clarified or drawn butter. Clarified butter can be stored in the refrigerator for quite some time if covered.

*To make grass butter:* Melt clarified butter in a sauté or frying pan. Add sifted grass to butter and stir over low heat for a few minutes. (Too much heat can destroy THC.) Once butter has picked up a green hue, pass the mixture through a fine strainer. Be sure all butter has been pressed from the grass mash. You can repeat the process to increase the potency of the butter, but you may need to add more clarified butter so that the mixture will flow easily when cooking and straining. The grass mash can be reused for greater extraction. *Yield:* 20 to 40 highs, depending on the quantity and potency of the herb used.

### BRAZIL NUT FUDGE

1 2/3 cups (1 tall can) evaporated milk

3 1/2 cups sugar

4 cups (24 oz.) semisweet chocolate morsels

1/2 cup Basic Grass Butter

1 jar marshmallow cream

1 tablespoon pure vanilla extract

1 1/2 cups chopped Brazil nuts

Combine evaporated milk and sugar in a 3-quart saucepan. Place over high heat and bring to a full boil, stirring constantly. Continue boiling, stirring vigorously, 9 minutes. (Reduce heat, if necessary, to prevent boiling over sides of pan.) Remove from heat, add semisweet chocolate morsels and stir until smooth. Add grass butter, marshmallow cream and vanilla. Stir until blended. *Yield:* 4 1/2 pounds.

*To make fudge squares:* Turn half of fudge mixture into buttered 8-inch square pan. Sprinkle with 1 cup of the

chopped Brazil nuts, pressing into surface. When cool, cut into squares. *To make fudge balls:* Cool remaining fudge until firm enough to handle. Shape into 1-inch balls and roll in remaining chopped Brazil nuts.

### LIT BANANAS

1 teaspoon butter

1 tablespoon Basic Grass Butter

1 banana

3 tablespoons rum, slightly warmed

Cinnamon  
Melt slowly in sauté or frying pan butter with grass butter. Add banana, sautéing slowly until fairly soft but not mushy. Remove pan from heat and add rum. Place back on heat and ignite carefully. (If you have a gas stove, tilt pan into flame to ignite.) Stir until flame goes out. Sprinkle with cinnamon and serve over ice cream. *Yield:* 2 portions.





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## Interview

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don't know. I saw a couple of rings out there.

**HIGH TIMES:** You must run into some people who are really obsessed with it like mad scientists—a kind of obsession with growing the finest dope there is.

**ANG:** Yes, I have. Everybody has a very strong ego and pride about their weed and you always want to respect it.

**HIGH TIMES:** How much do growers smoke?

**ANG:** I've sat and smoked twenty joints in a day with growers sampling different weeds. Twenty big sinsemilla joints.

**HIGH TIMES:** That raises an interesting question: Do you, as a dope photographer—I run into this sometimes, as a connoisseur—are you expected to compliment everything that you smoke or how do you handle that?

**ANG:** Sometimes I don't really know because I'm so stoned and I don't want to say, "Yeah, I'm really stoned," "This weed is worth the money" or "This shit don't look nice but it fucks you up." There are ways of being nice, but some people will lean over your shoulder, keep passing the joint back to you to make sure you get some good deep tokes and they go, "Yes?...well?...well?...well?" I don't want to be on the spot to make a comment. The best comment is when you're smoking the joint and it goes out in your finger and you're staring at something and someone just walks in front of you and says, "Hey, man, what's going on?" And you say, "I'm fucked up."

Different growers act differently. Most of them just bring it out and say here it is; they don't sit there and loom over you, they're interested in your comments. Because I comment about texture and about how photographic it would be.

**HIGH TIMES:** Do you take out a magnifying glass and a light and inspect it?

**ANG:** Yes, I happen to have such an item with me—a loupe, which I use for looking at dope. And then I have a loupe with a light on it. This is an eight-magnification, and this is a loupe with a light. I have a twenty-power and a forty-power.

**HIGH TIMES:** So you really scope the stuff out.

**ANG:** Yeah, I like to look at it to see the resin, 'cause I like to take pictures real close in there. I have a bellows—that's the large accordion part of the camera that allows you to get extremely close up. You can get about forty times life size and more depth of field with the bellows.

**HIGH TIMES:** Depth of field is...?

**ANG:** How much is in perfect focus for me to see.

**HIGH TIMES:** It gives a more three-dimensional quality?

**ANG:** Right, and more sharpness: A resin gland will stick out, or any particular part of the plant will be sharper.

**HIGH TIMES:** You see that whole cubicle of... crystal resin.

**ANG:** Right, it will stand out because the background will be out of focus and the fore-

ground will be out of focus, so you're selectively putting it in the middle to focus it. So having more depth of field is very important—it's popping out of the picture, it's standing out of its background. You have to isolate one part of dope from the whole pound or the whole plant to appreciate what it is. You have to select things to bring them out.

**HIGH TIMES:** Yeah, so you capture the whole soul of the plant, concentrated in that bursting drop of resin, forty times life size.

**ANG:** You can, 'cause I've taken pictures of resin on plants during the day while they're growing and then of the similar plant after it was picked, and you can see that the plant is growing, you can see the way the leaf is breathing in a sense. There's water and life in some of these pictures, you know. The plants are growing. When it's dry, it's another kind of a plant.

**HIGH TIMES:** It gives you special pleasure to shoot them while they're still living?

**ANG:** While they're developing. While the life is still in it. You see it's growing; you visit a certain plant at certain times of the summer and into the harvest, seeing certain different characteristics developing, and the buds turning. I've seen purple flowers and purple pods come on.

**HIGH TIMES:** Well, let's talk about purple. I have to admit I don't see that much purple, actual purple. I've had people show me stuff and say, "Hey, man, look at this purple." And it doesn't look purple to me.

**ANG:** Right, it's got a tinge, a dark greenness to it.

**HIGH TIMES:** Yes. Explain that to me, explain the whole purple number.

**ANG:** From my knowledge, there's many ways to get purple pot. Some pot actually grows purplish leaves on the underside. You can look at *indica*, the underside, and see it's very purplish. I've got some photos here that show that. Other pot turns purple according to when it gets cooler toward the end of its growing season; it has something to do with the amount of phosphorus that it can take within its plant. Phosphorus is very important for flower development. And the plant can take only so much phosphorus in, and I think it will turn purple after it takes as much as it can take. If it's late in the season. But there's a whole scientific view to the purple...

**HIGH TIMES:** So purple is kind of the plant waving a flag saying, "I've had enough," or "I'm at my peak."

**ANG:** Sometimes purple pot gets you real fucked up; sometimes it don't. It's not always the great sign, despite the royal mystique, the velvet purple, the purple throne, the king's purple robe. People always assume it's killer pot when it may just be *indica* late in the season.

Any pot in the ground that late will turn purple, the pods will turn purple, the resin will turn purple. I've had pictures of purple resin. But there is some pot that does have purple throughout the plant and throughout the season of the plant.



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## Hypnotism

*continued from page 49*

have to be something of an actor, posing as a deadly serious, authoritative figure. You have to convince the subject that you know what you're doing and that he is in good hands. Assure him that there is no danger, and that you won't make him do anything embarrassing, illegal or immoral. Winning the subject's confidence is the first step.

Be sure that you are both comfortable. If you are sitting in a straight-backed kitchen chair, you could have a sore back and aching butt by the end of the session. The most direct method is to have the subject concentrate on a bright object such as a watch or ring, which you hold about a foot in front of his face and slightly above eye level. You want to produce the greatest possible strain on the eyes and eyelids. Contrary to all the movies you have seen, it is not necessary to swing the object back and forth. The subject must concentrate on it while you tell him how drowsy he is.

For the next ten minutes to an hour you must mindlessly repeat the suggestion that he is very tired, wants to sleep and is falling asleep. Your voice should be a dull monotone. (If you have a high squeaky voice, perhaps you should take up another line of work.) You are literally going to bore him into a stupor. Tell him how his eyes are getting heavier and he is going to sleep.

If you are dull enough, his eyelids will soon begin to flutter and he will settle back in his chair with a sigh. Tell him to relax his body completely and hope that he falls asleep before your hand holding the watch does. Once the subject has nodded off, you will want to test him before proceeding—to make sure he has really gone under. Your monologue can go something like this: "Nothing will wake you. Nothing can hurt you. You can open your eyes, but you will stay asleep. Now I am about to raise your arm, but you won't wake up. Nothing will wake you." Lift one of his arms straight up and rub it gently. "Your arm is becoming rigid. It is locking into place. You can't lower it. Try it. See, you can't lower your arm. You are sound asleep and you will do everything I tell you to do. But you will not wake up. You can't wake up until I tell you."

If the subject is really in a trance, he can hold his arm rigid for the next hour without wavering. Nor can you force the arm down. If he's faking, you can tell in a short time. Once you are certain he is really asleep, you can lower the arm by saying, "Now the muscles in your arm are unlocking. Now you can lower it. Lower your arm."

Your subject is now completely under your control. If you want to cure him of a bad habit like biting his nails, you just need to explain to him why nail biting is a rotten habit, then demand that he "promise, promise, promise, never to bit your nails again." After he wakes up, he will never be a nail biter again. Unfortunately, amateur hypnotists with no knowledge of psychology can cause more harm than good. There may be a reason why the subject bites his nails and by making him give up that habit you may cause him to become a chain-smoker. If you order him to give up smoking, he may take to the bottle. Likewise, if he has been suffering a pain somewhere on his body, you can easily make the pain go away. But pain is a signal that something is wrong and, unless you are a trained doctor, you should not suppress that signal.

There are other more entertaining things you can do with a hypnotized subject. You can repeat the early experiments with telepathy. It is possible for you to merely think instructions to the subject ("Get up, close the door and open the window") and he will silently carry out your mental commands.

Books on hypnotism are often sold on the premise that you can use it to have your way with the opposite sex. But, of course, if a woman trusts you enough to let you hypnotize her, she's probably also a willing sex partner. However, a well-trained hypnotist can cure some cases of frigidity or impotence. It is not recommended that amateurs tamper with such delicate problems.

When you want to wake the subject up, you need only give a sharp command: "Wake up!" If that shouldn't do it, tell him that you are going to count to ten and when you get to nine he will wake up completely. If he still doesn't awaken, ask him what you must do to snap him out of it. Remember, he has really hypnotized himself and is now under his own control. He might tell you that he wishes

to sleep for an hour. So let him sleep, and at the end of the allotted time order him to wake up.

If you plan to use the same subject for later experiments, give him a posthypnotic suggestion, telling him that when he hears a certain key word *from you only* he will go to sleep instantly. You can then hypnotize him over the telephone if you wish... just by repeating the magic word.

People who practice meditation have magic words of their own called mantras. Meditation is really a form of self-hypnosis and enjoyed great popularity a few years ago. The reason that it was so relaxing was that the mind was entering the alpha state, only a step away from total hypnosis. A computer expert who is into meditation uses as his mantra the old computer saying, "Garbage in, garbage out." Repeat that phrase endlessly for several minutes and you are bound to slip into a state of altered consciousness.

Self-hypnosis is the ultimate high and, if nothing else, is a sure cure for insomniacs. If you want to brainwash yourself into believing, for example, that you are a superman capable of almost anything, you need only make a special tape recording to play while you are hypnotized. Leave the first 15 minutes of the tape blank, beginning your message with the usual admonition to "sleep... sleep... sleep..." Then say, "You are the world's greatest human being, keen of intellect, superior in every way, capable of saving the human race from its own folly." This tape will terminate your inferior manner and make you a leader of men. Or you can dictate a tape that will order you to stop biting your nails, or give up smoking. Rewind the tape to the beginning and relax in a high-backed chair so you can lean your head back comfortably. Hit the button on the tape recorder and relax while the blank part runs through. Let your muscles relax completely and close your eyes, turning your thoughts inward and concentrating on your breathing, mentally watching your inhaling and exhaling. This is called *transfixion*. After a few minutes you will experience a sinking sensation and will be powerless to move a muscle. Soon after that, you will drop into a hypnotic sleep. Then your taped message will begin. When you eventually wake up you will feel very refreshed and your mind will be invigorated. Incredible though it may seem, if you have other persons question you while you are asleep, you may prove to be clairvoyant, able to foretell future events in your own life, as well as incidents in the lives of others. No one understands exactly how this works, but apparently the human mind when in an altered state can make contact with a force field or intelligence that transcends space and time. The future already exists in another space-time continuum and when our minds are properly tuned we can perceive it. Hypnotism is a shortcut across the barriers of space and time, and self-hypnosis is a system for stimulating our latent psychic abilities.

In the 1960s and '70s, hypnosis finally gained recognition and today a third of all American dental and medical schools offer courses in the subject. After two centuries of being ignored and scoffed at, hypnotism suddenly fell into the hands of the double-talking academicians. "Hypnotism is not a magical phenomenon—not a matter of simply making suggestions to change someone's behavior," Dr. Milton V. Kline, director of the Institute for Research in Hypnosis, said recently. "Rather, it's a complex way of getting into a person's ego functions, perceptions and physiological reactions. It requires careful evaluation of patients, their problems, and their total life situations. It is most effectively used by someone well trained in psychological and physiological processes."

Have we really traveled very far since Anton Mesmer was branded a charlatan by his colleagues? In 1785 Tard de Montravel wrote, "If the spirituality of the soul needs a fresh proof, magnetic somnambulism furnishes one such as even the most obstinate materialist can scarcely refuse to recognize."

*You are now fully asleep. Sleep...sleep...sleep. You are grateful to the author of this illuminating article. You are so grateful that you will get out your checkbook, write a check for your full bank balance, and mail it to the author in care of this magazine. If you are female, you are filled with unbridled lust for the author and you will go to the office of this magazine and offer your body to him.* □



# SEEDS 'N' STEMS

## THOSE TORRID, NEVER-BEFORE-REVEALED CONFESSIONS!



Movie Star News

**ANN: "I WOULD HAVE GIVEN RONNIE ANYTHING!"**



Wide World

**SUSAN: "HE GOT ME WET!"**

**NANCY'S HEART STILL BREAKS WHEN SHE THINKS OF SUSAN AND ANN WITH RON!**



Movie Star News



# "THOSE WOMEN" WHO HAUNT RONNIE!

by Suzie Knickerbottom

Who was that tall, slender, exquisitely-coiffed beauty seen slipping discreetly into a limousine next to ever-handsome U.S. president **Ronald Reagan** in front of **Fran O'Brien's** exclusive nightclub in romantic, glittery DeeCee last month? Hmm? The same tastily-bejeweled brunette drink of water who was caught by photos with **Ronnie** only days before, as they hopped a quick jet for fun-packed, anonymity-guaranteed Cedar Rapids, Iowa? Who was it? Hmm? Give up?

Why, it was **Ronnie's** live-in spouse, **Nancy**, I can now reveal for the confidential edification of "Seeds 'n' Stems" readers. **Ronnie** and **Nancy** have been quite the little item together these past few years, if you know what I mean. And I know you know what I mean! After all, we *did* vote to make you chief of state, Mr. Tall-and-Husky President. No secrets in the Oval Office, you know; if the National Security Council knows everything about **Ronnie** and **Nancy**, why shouldn't the rest of us get a peek? Hmm?

And what makes it all even spicier is that I, Suzie Knickerbottom, have just recently come

into possession—never mind how, you sensation-seekers—of the private, intimate, uncensored, never-before-revealed personal diaries of **Susan Hayward** and **Ann Sheridan**, who spent weeks and months of their careers in close personal contact with **Ronnie**. Yes, believe it or not, **Ronnie** and **Susan** and **Ann** all got down together all sweaty under the klieg lights, dressed up in romantic sexy costumes, and performed away like crazy while the cameras ground and purred, one steamy, intimate love scene after another.

These episodes were not without effect on the tender hearts of **Ann** and **Susan**, to go by their personal, intimate, uncensored, never-before-revealed secret diaries. We all remember, I'm sure, the stimulating performance **Ronnie** gave with **Ann** in the torrid potboiler *King's Row* in heady, romantic 1942. **Ronnie**, you'll remember, uttered in that film the immortal line, "Where is the rest of me?" after jealous guardians of **Ann's** virtue cut his legs off at the hips. It was a mythic, romantic situation straight out of *Abelard and Heloise*, and the ever-impressionable **Ann** hinted that she re-



Movie Star News

## ANN

garded **Ronnie** as every bit as much a man as the immortal romancer **Peter Abelard**. I quote from her personal, intimate, et cetera diary:

August 14, 1942: ... and after we finished shooting for the day, I had just ten minutes to get over to the big USO benefit at Grauman's. Edith had fixed my hair special for it, all rolled on top and wavy on the sides—and then that great big stiff, Reagan, on the way off the set he tousled my head like a 12-year-old kid! "Break a leg at Grauman's, kiddo," he says. The creep! Just because he never gets to do Grauman's, he ruins an Edith Head original hairdo! I'd give anything if he'd just go work for Paramount...

"Great big stiff Reagan," hmm? Well, **Ann** wasn't the *only* hopeful starlet who thought so, from the looks of those steamy, personal, uncensored and so on diaries. Four years earlier, **Ronnie** had been cutting a bloody swathe through **Susan's** girlish emotions, too. I quote from her confessional, purple-prosed, uninhibited, ad nauseum diary:

April 16, 1938: ... Bernie keeps telling me it's okay. When you start out in this business, you always wind up doing roles with morons who can't act, but have some kind of political pull with

the studio bigs. But this Reagan lout is beyond the pale! We were supposed to be drinking liquor in this scene today. It was just iced tea, of course, but he didn't know that, and he got dead drunk just *thinking* it was real booze. He tipped over a bottle of it in my lap, and got my dress all wet and stained, and the continuity people went crazy! Tomorrow we have to retake the whole scene. Boy, am I looking forward to that!

**Susan** couldn't wait to get back on the set with **Ronnie**! Poor **Susan**, though... and **Ann**, too. In 1955, **Ronnie** met **Nancy** on the set of *Hellcats of the Navy*, and that was that. No more cute little hair-tousels or playful tea-dousings for **Ann** and **Susan**.

But in her own secret heart of hearts, what must **Nancy** feel when she thinks back on the lurid, torrid, lust-packed prior Hollywood romances of her brawny live-in superstar president husband? Do the passion-stricken moanings of poor abandoned **Susan** and **Ann** still echo in her elegantly beringed ears? Look for further revelations in the next issue of *HIGH TIMES* when we start running monthly excerpts from the torrid, personal, uncensored, never-before-revealed diaries of **Nancy Reagan** herself!



Movie Star News

SUSAN



# THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS®

by Abdul Sean de la Villaneuve

**ARIES (21 March–19 April)** Don't look now, but Saturn is creeping over into Aries right now, to bring you 14 years of bad luck. Really, I *tried*! I got the technicians at NASA last winter to broadcast a special appeal to Saturn through the Pioneer probe. Cut it out, Saturn! Get back! Why do you have to mess around with Aries, of all people, who have all those awful troubles to begin with? I really busted my ass for you with Saturn, Aries. I just hope it helps.

**TAURUS (20 April–20 May)** You may feel a sudden urge of creative energy the first two weeks of the month. Repress it. It will only get you in trouble: a big fat belly for Taurus women, paternity suits for Taurus men, awful icky venereal diseases and heartaches for Taurus homosexuals. Aw, what's the use of trying to tell horny Tauruses to stuff a sock in it, anyway? Everybody *else* on this chart, then, should be advised to steer clear of Taurus the first couple weeks of this month. They're going to be *bad* news.

**GEMINI (21 May–21 June)** I told all you Geminis *last* month not to expect any more advice from this column. And the month before *that*, too. Get off my back, will you? Nag, nag, nag. I'm not your *mama*, Geminis. I don't even *like* Geminis. Just get bent, will you?

**MOON CHILDREN (22 June–22 July)** Oh, it's "Moon Children" now, is it? Now that's about the most

candy-ass euphemism anybody ever came up with. "Moon Children" instead of "Cancer." What's the *point* of it, anyway? Astrology predates 3000 B.C., the Chaldean civilization. If "Cancer" was good enough for everybody between the Chaldeans and us, it ought to be good enough for you, too.

**LEO (23 July–22 August)** Who's that you've been going out with? I know he's a Libra: I can tell by the sleazy way he parts his hair, and those awful stack-heel boots he wears to make himself look taller. Don't you know Libras are poison for Leos? Leos should go out exclusively with Sagittarians. Honest! You probably don't even know it, but there's a certain Sagittarian you know who loves you madly, whose heart soars like a hawk every time he sees you, or just hears your name mentioned. He's too shy to come right out and . . . Aw, go out with your dumb old Libra punk anyway! But when it's all over, and your poor aching heart needs someone to turn to—think Sagittarian, and look around. He'll be there. Always.

**VIRGO (23 August–22 September)** Virgo's an earth sign, isn't it? Or is it an air sign? Wait a minute, I'll have to look it up. Oh, God, and then I'll have to get out the ephemeris, and go to the map, and set up the astrolabe, and sacrifice the chicken, and—oh hell, the batteries are dead on my pocket computer. Look,

just hang tough till next month, okay? You can make it. Nothing bad's gonna happen. I can practically guarantee it.

**LIBRA (23 September–22 October)** Boy, you Libras think you're hot stuff, don't you. Taking poor little Leos and flashing your cheesy \$230 Gucci boots with the stack heels to make you look taller than you really are. Well, it really looks *horse-shit*, plain horseshit. You'll never get anywhere with that kind of shallow, trendy attitude. My advice: Break off with the Leo and take up with an Aquarian. Yeah, that's it, Aquarians: Leos should all go out with Aquarians this month. Take 'em out on the town every night of the week.

**SCORPIO (23 October–21 November)** Did you ever take a close look at a scorpion? Eight hairy-jointed legs and that big curved sticker-stinger? *Yecch!* How did you disgusting critters ever get into the zodiac?

**SAGITTARIUS (22 November–21 December)** You are a highly gifted and affectionate person, capable of developing a passionate and profound attachment for other individuals, especially Leos. Though your heart may be bursting in romantic turmoil from afar, you have a truly heroic power of hiding your feelings. This can make it difficult for other people—especially Leos—to perceive the goodness and warmth that resides always within you. Also, you're great in bed.

**CAPRICORN (22 December–19 Jan-**

**uary)** Look, I already did Aries, right? Aries is a ram, Capricorn's a goat. Big difference. Why should you ram-goat people get two slots in the zodiac? It's just a duplication of effort for us poor overworked astrologers. And it's unfair to the rest of the signs in the zodiac. Give us a break, will you?

**AQUARIUS (20 January–18 February)** If you leave the house this month, something awful is sure to happen. Like, you'll be right in the middle of the street, and suddenly forget what you're doing, where you're going, which way is north, who you *are*! All the feeling in your knees will go away, and you'll fall down, and people will think you're drunk or crazy and laugh at you. You'll never be the same again afterward. My advice: Stay at home. Don't leave the house under any circumstances. Even if Virgos keep calling for dates, turn 'em down.

**PISCES (19 February–20 March)** I told you not to make any big investments three months ago, didn't I? But no, you went ahead and put in on 20 pounds of Colombian at \$1,200 a pound, and when the banker got popped by the feds, the weed stood for six extra weeks in the shed in Wilmington, so by the time you finally got it, it was all moldy, with spiders. Next week, asshole, you're gonna get a chance to score a six-pound lot of Mendocino sinse at \$2,300 per; but are you gonna have the *money*? I told you so! Next time Pisces, listen!



**Q**UOTH THE BRAVE PRINCE VAL (WHO POPPETH FORTY MOTHWEIGHTS OF DIAZEPAM AS PRESCRIBED BY HIS PHYSICIAN MERLIN, FOR COPING WITH STRESS) ~ "FOR SOOTH, THIS IS TOO BAD, ISN'T IT? INDEED, MOST UNFORTUNATE, I SUPPOSE. BY MY TROTH, SOMEONE PROBABLY OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. . ."



# HOPE FOR FAITH

## Comfort and Guidance from America's Most Popular Holy Teacher — For Free!

Rev. Dr. Jerry Fallout, founder, chairman, president and treasurer of the First National Church of Jesus H. Christ, Inc., invites spiritual queries from all who are low-down and heavy-laden with care and sin. Although you need not send any money with your letters, please bear in mind that because of the inflation that afflicts us all, even preachers, the budget for the Reverend Fallout's proposed Alabaster Tabernacle and Radio-Satellite Launching Center is currently suffering from a projected 3.7-billion-dollar shortfall. Reverend Fallout accepts all your inmost fears, failings, Visa and Master Charge.

Dear Reverend Fallout: Is it true that you will automatically go to Hell forever and ever after you die, and burn and burn in horrible agony that goes on and on and on and never stops, while everybody up in Heaven looks down at you and laughs, because of committing homosexuality? I'm just asking for a friend. This friend of mine, sometimes he just thinks in a flash of a minute about reaching out and grabbing another guy on the dingus—just for a second he thinks about it. Not like he wants to, exactly, but what if he did? You know? Not that he ever would do it, not in a million trillion years!! Ever!! But that flash thought just comes sometimes, and then he has to chase it out of his mind. Is my friend—I mean he's just my "friend," not anything fishy. In fact, I don't like him that much really and we're not really friends at all, just somebody I know—will he go to Hell eternally in the burning when he dies? —Don't use my name

Dear Don't: "And the Lord God smote the Hemoglobim of Catarrh, for that they had committed abominations of the flesh that were

loathesome and unclean in His sight. And He smote with blindness all them that sinned in the right hand, and all them that sinned in the left hand He smote with a burning in the hinder parts. And unto the courts of the everlasting Hellfire shall all those be cast who even sin before the countenance of Almighty God the Father in this wise." Stop kidding yourself, you smarmy little morphidite! Send \$12.50 now, care of this magazine, for my inspiring new book, Purity or Perversion? Which Would Jesus Choose?

Dear Reverend Fallout: Some asshole just rear-ended my new Chevette and took off before I could get his plates, and now the damn garage wants \$184.50 for the repairs. What the hell am I supposed to do? —Felicia

Dear Felicia: Count your blessings from Above, my child! It just so happens that Alphonse Kraputnik of Al's Body and Fender Shop in your town is a Tithing Fellow to the First National Church of Jesus H. Christ, Inc. Al will give you a 15 percent discount on all future repair work, if you will only send a \$17.50 deductible donation to me, the Rev. Dr. Jerry Fallout, care of this magazine. Go forth and crash no more!

Dear Reverend Fallout: I respectfully call your attention to the lapse of the last two payments due to our firm's account with you. A further lapse of payment will be viewed on our part as a dereliction on your part, and the negatives from that session with the four Filipino 12-year-olds in the Manila bathhouse will be regretfully forwarded to the appropriate media representatives. I am confident you will not take this communication in the light of a threat, but as a promise. —Raoul "the Tuna" Davilla

Dear Raoul: "And Jesus spake unto the enforcers of them that demanded of him gold, gently saying, Be of good cheer, and steady temper; for the check is even in the mail as I say this thing."

## HAUTE FROMAGE



Derek Rosenrode/Photo Trends

"I feel really just incredibly dumb," purrs 22-year-old temptress Felicia [not her real name—Ed.] Debrette of sunny California. "I'm only doing this because somebody rear-ended my Chevette last week and took off before I could get the license plate, and the garage wants \$184.50." Sultry, curvy Felicia's favorite recreations include nude hang-gliding and long, intimate hot tubs with mixed company. "Actually, I'm just a copy clerk in a law office in Roslyn, Long Island. I just hope these dumb shots don't wind up in the Daily News, or I'll never hear the end of it at work." After she completes acting school, Felicia (36-24-36) hopes to star in a romantic role with Robert Redford or Burt Reynolds. "I mean, this doesn't cover half the garage bill," breathes sexy Felicia. "But if I put it together with what I was saving up for a stereo, I can just make it." Eat your hearts out, guys!

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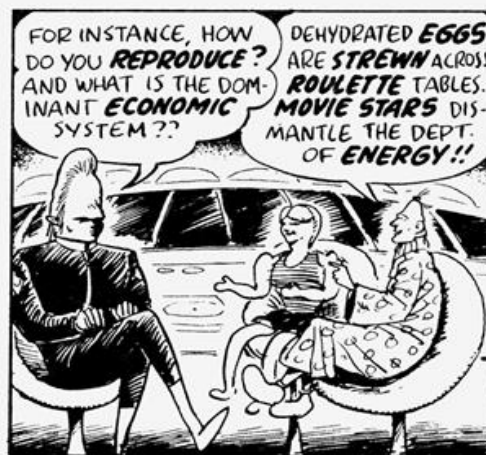
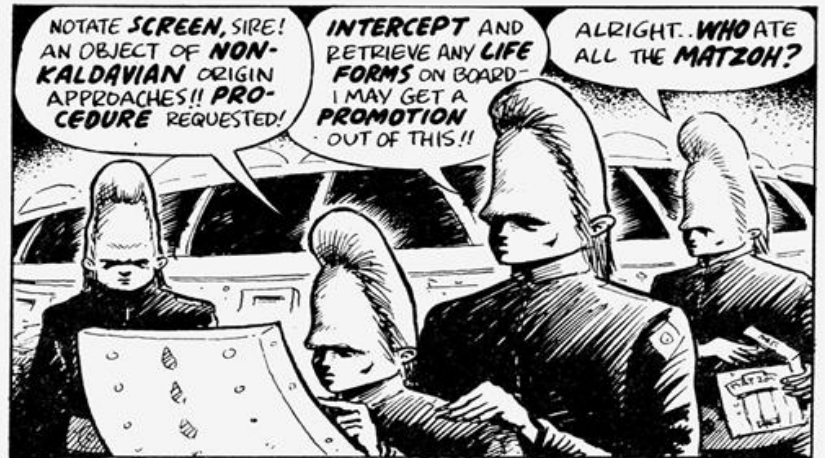
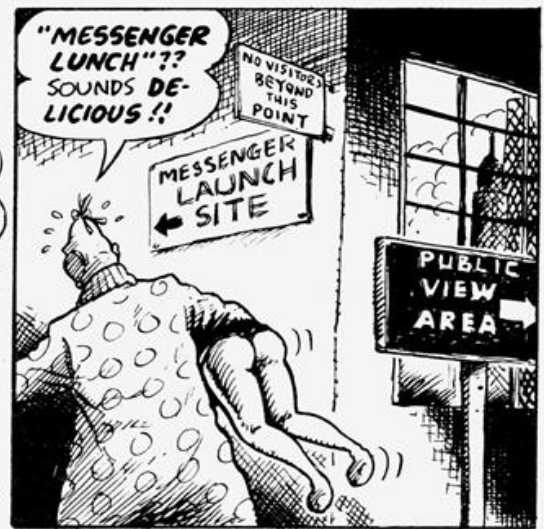
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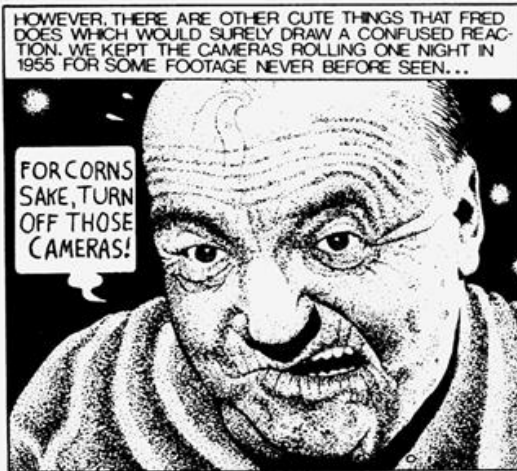
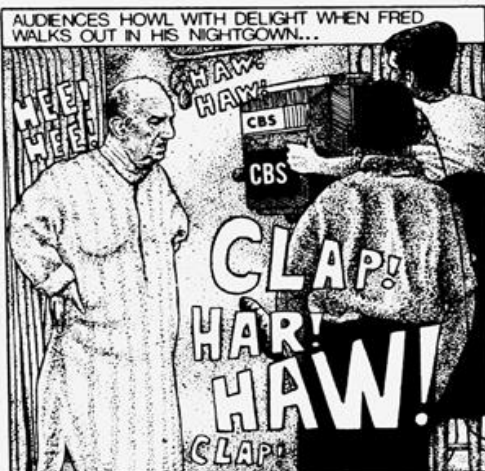




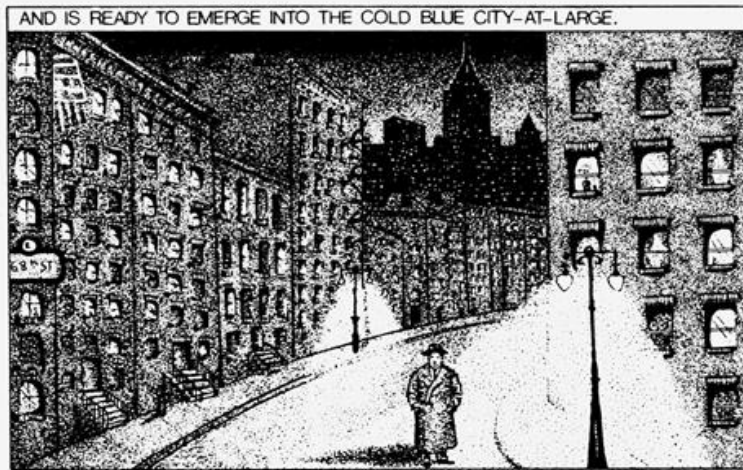
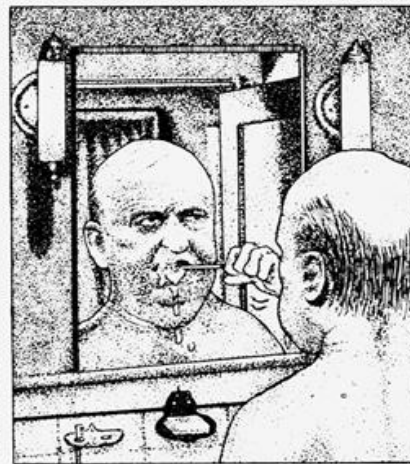
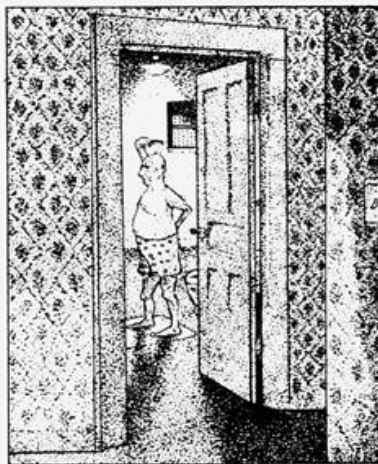
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ART: DREW FRIEDMAN  
SCRIPT: JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN



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FRED CHECKS HIS TRAPS IN HARLEM AND COLLECTS MONIES OWED...



HE POPS IN ON HIS NUMBERS RACKET TO COLLECT HIS DUE...



A HALF-TON SHIPMENT OF PURE IZMIRIAN HEROIN ARRIVES AT THE DOCKS, AND FRED IS THERE TO WELCOME IT...



AT POTTERS FIELD, FRED PAYS OFF THE SUPERVISOR FOR A TRUCKLOAD OF UNIDENTIFIED DERELICTS TO SELL TO GERPER BABY FOODS...



WITH BUSINESS ASIDE, IT'S TIME TO RELAX. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE SURFING AT MIDNIGHT ON THE HUDSON RIVER...



FRED LAYS SOME BASS FOR BIRD AT THE HALF NOTE...



FRED PICKS A LULU AT THE SATIN BALLROOM



IN ORDER TO COLLECT A HEFTY INSURANCE, LANDLORD FRED CONTEMPLATES ARSON...



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**Inmate in need of correspondence.** Please write: JOSEPH SPITZA, Box 45699/151-234, Lucasville, OH 45699.

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# 1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

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**85** NO, SIR, THERE IS NOTHING WHICH has been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.

Samuel Johnson

**86** NOT WITH A WIMPY BUT A BHANG.

S.T. Eliot

**87** THE DEBASING AND BANEFUL INFLUENCE of hashish and opium is not restricted to individuals but has manifested itself in nations and races as well. The dominant race and most enlightened countries are alcoholic, whilst the races and nations addicted to hemp and opium, some of which once attained to heights of culture and civilization, have deteriorated both mentally and physically.

New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal, 1931

**88** THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT THAT IF tranquilizers could be bought as easily and cheaply as aspirin, they would be consumed, not by the billions, as they are at present, but by the hundreds of billions.

Aldous Huxley, 1958

**89** YOU DO GET A "LIFT" WHEN YOU light a cigarette. But it's exactly like the lift you get from cocaine, heroin, marijuana.

Lt. Comdr. Gene Tunney, USNR, 1941



**90** SEX AND DRUGS AND ROCK AND ROLL.

Song, Ian Dury, late 1970s

**91** IT IS A POPULAR SAYING THAT CIVILIZATIONS only develop where there are vineyards, and common sense that you can't achieve much under the influence of Coca-Cola. . . Yes, these Macedonian leaders were men, not children, and were stimulated by good drinking. . .

Prof. Manolis Andronikos of Salonica University, indignantly replying to Dr. John Maxwell O'Brien's (of Queens College, New York) claim that Alexander the Great was an alcoholic, *New York Times*, October 14, 1980

**92** I HAVE WORKED AMONG CRIMINALS IN the slums of a large town. The favorite drink was invariably coca.

Rev. Forbes Phillips, *British Journal of Inebriety*, 1924



**93** MOMENTS AFTER GOVERNOR CAREY announced a \$6 million war to end drug peddling in midtown at a "Clean Up Bryant Park" rally, I purchased ten joints and a \$5 bag of marijuana there.

Phillip Messing, reporter, *New York Post*, October 1, 1980

**94** A YID A SHIKKER, ZOLL GEHARGET VEREN.

A Jew who's a drunkard, may he get killed.

Yiddish saying

**95** SOME HIGH [sic!] BIBLICAL COMMENTATORS maintain that the gall and vinegar, or myrrhed wine, offered to our saviour immediately before his crucifixion, was in all probability a preparation of hemp. . .

Dr. R.R. Meens of Ohio, 1860



**96** A FARMER WHO SAYS HE GREW MARIJUANA to feed his beef cattle was found guilty of possession for purposes of trafficking. John Duncan MacKay of Addison, Ontario, admitted cultivating and using the drug but said most of his crop went to his five cattle. "The cattle are in the barn eating grain all winter; it's monotonous," MacKay testified. "A few leaves of marijuana on their food really livens them up."

*The Windsor Star* 1980 (Ontario)

**97** I CANNOT HELP FEELING THAT WHAT WE are now doing in the name of stopping the drug problem is the drug problem.

Andrew Weil

**98** I GOT BUSTED SINCE I SAW YOU LAST For dangerous drugs and it's a lie. They're not dangerous—they're friendly.

Lenny Bruce

**99** YOU WOULDN'T OPERATE ON YOUR child for a brain tumor. Take the problem to an expert.

If the kid doesn't want to go, make him, or make her. They're not children, they're chemicals. I was talking to a chemical—my daughter. You can't reason with a chemical.

Carol Burnett, *Weekly World News*, October 7, 1980

**100** UNDER THE SHAH, BETWEEN 1969 and 1979, 250 drug traffickers were executed in Iran.

*New York Times*, January 11, 1980


HIGH TIMES welcomes reader contributions to this clever column. Address correspondence to: Dope Lore, HIGH TIMES, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.



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## BY JOHN SWENSON

**T**HINGS ARE GETTING PRETTY BAD WHEN HOWARD COSELL HAS TO BREAK IT TO you. It was just another "Monday Night Football" game, a really boring one, in fact, when Cosell breaks into the commentary to point out that this is only a game, ladies and gentlemen, and whatever happens here tonight pales in comparison with the world outside. Well, Cosell is given to making extemporaneous speeches anyway, but there was something really weird about the tone of his voice. There was no histrionic flourish, no swelling as he said it, a subdued, shocked quiet was all there was, absolutely no modulation in his voice as he continued. John Lennon, he went on, was shot twice in the chest in front of his home this evening in New York City. As Cosell was talking a dull pain started to throb and my mind was practically screaming that he should stop, I didn't want him to continue talking because I knew his next words would be just as they were: He was rushed to Roosevelt Hospital where he was pronounced dead on arrival...

Cosell is a pretty unflappable guy. He also broke the news about the kids who died at the Who concert in Cincinnati, and he handled that news the way he might have spoken about a leg injury to Earl Campbell. You could tell that this news shocked Cosell—if he was so affected, what might the repercussions of this assassination be? Indeed, this would prove to be the most mournful event since John F. Kennedy was assassinated. The news reports kept carrying on-the-street reports from people over the next few days who likened the Kennedy assassination to Lennon's.

It takes only a casual memory of the interview Cosell once did with John Lennon to realize why his death was an event of such magnitude, because when Lennon died the Beatles died with him, irrevocably, once and for all settling the question of a Beatles reunion, a myth that refused to die even when the individual members of the group denied it could ever happen. But it was Cosell's interview with Lennon that provided the strongest hope that the Beatles would get together again.

"Do you think there's any possibility," Cosell had asked, "giving way to the concession of possible legal clearances, of the four of you ever working together again?"

Lennon's answer was direct. "Yeah," he said, just like that, in 1974. "I think it's quite possible, because there'd be no reason not to. Now, whether we do live performances is another matter. That's a whole ball game. But it's quite feasible that we'll make records together. Because I've worked with Ringo. I've worked with Ringo and George. The only one I haven't worked with since the breakup is Paul. I've worked with Elton John, I've worked with Harry Nilsson and we've all worked with other artists, so why not with each other. It's quite possible."

The dream of a Beatles revival never died, because people wanted to believe in it. You might as well try to convince people, as Lennon did, that organized religion was pointless as convince them that there would never again be a Beatles. So even though Lennon had been playing things very low key for the five years before *Double Fantasy*, his latest album, was released, his fans were poised for action as soon as the news hit the wires. Within min-





# Sounds.

# 1940-1980 JOHN LENNON

utes of the announcement of his death, the streets surrounding his home at the Dakota apartment house started to fill with fans of Lennon and the Beatles who came to share one of the saddest moments of their existence.

**B**Y THE FOLLOWING NIGHT THE NUMBERS HAD SWELLED TO HUNDREDS—72ND Street and Central Park West was filled with mourners who stood in their vigil, oblivious to the freezing rain that beat down mercilessly on their remorse. Those fans put a beautiful touch on an event so unspeakably tragic that the full measure of grief was arrived at only by degrees over the next few days. The media flocked to the sight and was charmed by those dedicated fans, just as they'd been charmed in the late '60s by kids who wanted to smile even as they were being denounced by politicians and clubbed by police. It had been these kids—funny, many of them now were well into their 30s and 40s—who'd responded so sincerely to Lennon's message of peace and love in the '60s, who'd given life to his idea that the world could be a better place, just as Lennon had given life to their certainty that the button-down life laid out for them by '50s America was a lie not worth living.

Those kids and John Lennon had shared a common vision through the '60s, a vision that had been crushed and twisted during the '70s and that Lennon had hoped to revive in the '80s. He had just begun his musical career again after a five-year hiatus. His comeback single, "Starting Over," offered renewed promise that Lennon's direction could once again inspire a collective vision of love and hope. He was returning from the studio, where he'd







FIG. #1. SUPER DELUXE



FIG. #2. ECONOMY

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**Fig. #2. ECONOMY FIXTURE-** Similar to fig. #1., except the reflector is an adjustable "C" type specular Alzak and the ballast kit is to be mounted in an open configuration.  
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been working on yet another album, when he was gunned down.

"Starting Over," said Jack Douglas, Lennon's producer, "was the feeling that he wanted to have for the '80s, that we are in fact in the '80s, we are starting over, and it's time to be optimistic about the future. That it's time to write off George Orwell and 1984, it's time to forget about those things, that in '84 we can have what we want if we live together and for ourselves."

It's easy to see *Double Fantasy* as the beginning of a musical/aesthetic renaissance for Lennon when you listen to the album and realize what a well-focused and coherent expression of his cooperative venture with Yoko Ono the record is. Lennon's previous collaborations with Yoko were dense and impenetrable records—it seemed that his best solo albums were the ones that separated him most from Yoko, where she was perhaps the focus of his love but not a direct partner in the musical process. But *Double Fantasy* alternates songs by John and Yoko all through the record in such a way that their visions blend together to provide a coher-

**"STARTING OVER" WAS THE FEELING HE WANTED FOR THE '80S, A TIME TO BE OPTIMISTIC ABOUT THE FUTURE.**

ent whole. In fact, Yoko's songs *amplify* Lennon's—her writing and performance have taken on a maturity and sense of self that makes her, if not as good a writer as John, a very effective counterpoint to his persona.

*Double Fantasy* succeeds in elevating Lennon's concern with domesticity to a work of art in itself. The album is Lennon's stated intent to take his own life seriously, the life of getting to know his kid, making meals and keeping house, loving Yoko—not the life of being a rock 'n' roll star. He is attempting to make commonplace life sacred, just as great an ambition as being a Beatle. What's remarkable isn't that he's attempting this—after all, there was no economic pressure on him to keep at being John Lennon Superstar—but that he *pulled it off*. The songs are beautiful, the performance as real and resonant as his best work on previous solo albums. The production sound of "Starting Over" is as lush and beautiful as his characteristic post-"Strawberry Fields Forever" recording sound with the Beatles. "Dear Yoko" compares very favorably to the somewhat similar "Oh Yoko" from *Imagine*. But the real triumph is "Watching the Wheels," in which Lennon makes the statement

about his life decision with the same chilling purpose and exacting logic that he brought to his Beatles kiss-offs "Working Class Hero" and "The Dream Is Over."

**T**HE BEST EXAMPLE OF THE FELICITOUS COLLABORATION BETWEEN JOHN AND Yoko on this album comes when Lennon's pained and powerful lament (sounds like the intense pain on "Mother" from his first solo outing) "I'm Losing You" segues via some chilling sound effects into Yoko's answer, "I'm Moving On." The combination is astonishing in its power, perhaps more so because Yoko so obviously holds her own in John's medium, hypnotic, medium-tempo rock 'n' roll. This is far from the Yoko Ono who provided an easy target for cynical critics in her *Fly* days, the screeching Jap whom many blamed for breaking up the Beatles. This is a woman as talented (if not more so) as new-wave stars like Nina Hagen, Debbie Harry and Chrissie Hynde. After all, Yoko had the guts to do this stuff a decade before new wave made it fashionable, and she took her lumps stoically, perhaps even in the knowledge that someday her vision would be proved useful. When her characteristic broken-voiced squeals punctuate the end of the song, it's a genuinely ex-

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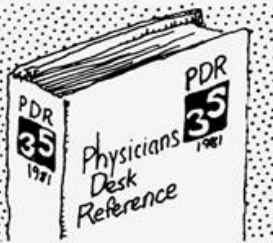
pressive moment that somehow climaxes the record.

Perhaps the most crushing thing about the timing of Lennon's death after the release of this record is how much his songs here are filled with love and an appreciation of life. "Beautiful Boy (Darling Boy)," written to his son Sean, never fails to generate tears. Lennon's hymn to life is so far removed from the cruel fate of an assassin's bullet it makes you curse the fates that brought down a man so full of love in the prime of his life. In the song, he plays the strong father brushing away his son's nightmare fears (what monsters did Sean see in that dream?) and, cluckingly solicitous of his safety, advising him to hold Daddy's hand as he crosses the street. Then comes the line that so well reflects Lennon's genius and holds so much poignance that it's impossible to hear without breaking down: "Life is what happens to you/While you're busy/Making other plans."

Whatever John Lennon's other plans were, it's now left for us to carry them out. □







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## Interview

continued from page 77

**HIGH TIMES:** Really? Do you talk to them like a fashion photographer would talk to a model?

**ANG:** No, I just talk to them as creatures.

**HIGH TIMES:** What do you say?

**ANG:** I just say hello and tell them how beautiful they are and I'm going to smoke them eventually. I want them to enjoy my enjoyment of them growing, you know, to maybe get off on that or grow better or pick up my vibes. I definitely think they do.

**HIGH TIMES:** You think you can get them to preen for the camera?

**ANG:** Bend over, baby. Let's see some more thigh.

**HIGH TIMES:** Some dope photographs can be very sensual and erotic. Do people react to dope photos as if they were pornography?

**ANG:** Some of them are very pornographic. They look similar to anything you want to imagine.

**HIGH TIMES:** What kind of reaction do you get?

**ANG:** Usually when people ask me what I do I say I'm a photographer. I'm not only a dope photographer, I do everything. I think I enjoy dope photography the most. Because it is unique, because it is still underground. It's not totally accepted and might be... I've been around. I've taken pictures for many years of different scenes... What were you saying?

**HIGH TIMES:** Do you think there's a puritan reaction that you've run up against on the part of mainstream magazines—they're afraid to publish this kind of stuff they way they are afraid to publish frontal nudity?

**ANG:** Right. Dope photography is still underground in a way, it's almost like how the media can handle it.

**HIGH TIMES:** Before we leave, show me a picture from the late-1980 harvest. What's the most interesting new development this year?

**ANG:** Look at this plant. We called it Holy Cow Weed.

**HIGH TIMES:** Wow, what I'm looking at now is a perfectly round plant. A giant perfect circle-shaped bush. I've never seen anything like it.

**ANG:** Neither has anyone else till now. They said it was some local acid chemist who put some psychedelic magic into the way he developed his seeds. It just grew naturally in a perfectly round shape; obviously somehow it's fired by his three-hundred-and-sixty-degree psychedelic consciousness. A full-circle high.

**HIGH TIMES:** You smoked some of it?

**ANG:** I smoked it a lot. It was a very psychedelic, excellent weed.

**HIGH TIMES:** Psychedelic grass. Do you think psychedelic grass might be the trend of the future? Maybe we could try to create a trend encouraging people to grow more pot with a psychedelic high.

**ANG:** It would be a new treat. It would be great. □

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## Memoirs of the Geek Beat

*continued from page 61*

statute of limitations will run out on the last known rape committed by the Berkeley rapist. If the man is willing to risk his life, the rapist could come forward and announce, "I'm Stinky and I raped those sixty-two women. And now, I'm going to get a beer." And he would walk away.

\* \* \*

*He took little Suzie to the Junior Prom  
Excitable boy they all said.*

*And he raped her and killed her then  
he took her home*

*Well, he's just an excitable boy.*

*After ten long years they let him  
out of the home*

*And he dug up her grave and built a  
cage with her bones.*

*Well, he's just an excitable boy.*

—Warren Zevon

Santa Cruz is tucked up on the roof of Monterey Bay, sort of a canine incisor. The place got so bloody in 1970-73, Peter Chang, the district attorney at the time, declared the place the "murder capital of the world." While other towns of comparable size, say Prichard, Alabama, had more consistently dramatic snuff rates over the same period, Santa Cruz boasted a trio of multiple murderers plus alleged human sacrifices.

John Frazier, Herb Mullin and Ed Kemper all lived in the laid-back, near-comatose environs of Santa Cruz. A town of 36,000 toked-up, in-touch refugees from the harsh realities of Elsewhere, USA. Through the dogged, warped efforts of these three, Chang was able to make his pronouncement with very few coming forth to disagree.

Santa Cruz was the only California mission that ended in failure. A group of ex-cons, cutthroats, alcoholics and other like-minded souls gathered themselves in the hills above the mission back in 1797. From there they came down, murdered the priest at the mission and looted the place on such a regular basis that the mission was finally closed down. This little crime community known as Branciforte survived. And prospered. Smugglers found allies in Branciforte's citizens and together they made lucrative, felonious music. This arrangement continues to the present, though much less brazenly, with drugs coming into the bay, then through the Santa Cruz Mountains and on to the streets of California. Tradition.

John Linley Frazier had a minor auto accident up in those hills in May 1970. He was a foreign-auto mechanic and graduate of the California Youth Authority. He told his wife God had spoken to him after the accident, saying, "If you drive again, you will be killed." She noted that his behavior had been strange up to this time, but following the message from the deity it became frightening. Though he was a car mechanic, Frazier was obsessed with pollution and now he believed God had given him a mis-

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sion to save the world from forces that were "polluting and destroying the Earth." He further believed the Book of Revelations to John the Apostle meant himself, John Frazier. From this twisted position, he proceeded to recruit 12 disciples from among his druggie friends. One for each sign of the zodiac. Frazier's idea was for all of them to split for the woods. But he could get no takers. All his friends could see in John were bad acid trips and amphetamines.

On the Fourth of July, Frazier left his wife, who had been trying to get him to a psychiatrist, and moved himself into a cow shed near his mother's trailer home and adjacent to the property of Dr. Victor M. Ohta, a distinguished eye surgeon. Ohta lived with his wife and two young sons in a formidable stone house perched above Santa Cruz, the Pacific expanding in blue beyond.

On October 19, Frazier went up the hill to Ohta's, rang the bell and began nutso-rattle as to how he and the doctor should burn down the house for the sake of the environment. Ohta declined. Frazier leveled the rifle he was carrying, ordered Ohta into the house, tied up the doctor, his wife, the two sons and Ohta's secretary, blindfolded them, shot them a number of times and dumped the bodies into the swimming pool. Then Frazier began setting fires in the house.

When the fire department arrived that evening they had difficulty getting to the house: Ohta's Rolls blocked the driveway. There was a note on the windshield.

halloween . . . . . 1970

today world war 3 will begin brought to you by the people of the free universe. From this day forward any one and/or company of persons who missuses the natural environment or destroys same will suffer the penelty of death by the people of the free universe. I and my comrades from this day forth will fight until death or freedom, against anything or anyone who dose not support natural life on this planet, materialism must die or mankind will.

KNIGHT OF WANDS  
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KNIGHT OF SWORDS

Frazier had carried out his "divine mission." His fellow tripsters didn't take long coughing up their suspicions when the news hit. Four days after the killings the police found Frazier sleeping in his cow shed. He was found legally sane, convicted of five counts of murder and currently pulls hard time in San Quentin.

Seven years later Frazier's defense attorney, Jim Jackson, is mulling over his vodka martini. Jackson was also defense attorney for the other two Santa Cruz boys, Kemper and Mullin.

"You know what happened with Frazier when we called him crazy? See if you can get this one. Frazier wanted to prove he wasn't crazy, so he was going to make himself look crazy so people would think he was faking crazy. What does he do but show up at a crucial point in the trial with his head shaved, his beard shaved all down one

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side of his face. Half head of hair, half mustache, half beard. I went, 'Shit!'"

Jackson's face screwed in anguish as he recalled the incident. "It was a rotten dirty thing to do because the cops let him have the razor when he told them what he was going to do. Otherwise they wouldn't let him shave, see? But as soon as this turkey says he's going to give himself one of these schizo haircuts, they let him. I'm sitting there and look over and see this idiot and I go, 'Oh, God!'"

"He was the meanest of the three. He could be at one time surly and rotten. But that had nothing to do with his craziness."

It is interesting to note the parallels between Frazier and Manson. Both latched on to revolution, Revelations, acid, ecology and held a twisted messianic delusion with a heavy apocalyptic override. But where Charlie had the abilities to attract a large number of chump disciples to his twistoid garden, Frazier was devoid of any attractive pulse and failed miserably in his recruitment efforts for a free-universe force. Both Frazier and Manson hit wealthy victims, couching their killing in reflex jargon popular at the time. And whatever the motivations for Frazier's trick haircut, it reflected the various tonsorial numbers Manson sported throughout his trial. Frazier spoke often of Manson, and in taped conversations with friends he compared himself with the little ersatz messiah. Both had spent the majority of their childhoods in institutions. In these ways it is easy to see Frazier as a type of failed doppelganger to one of the most riveting figures of the '70s.

Five months had scarcely passed since the conclusion of Frazier's trial when a murder series of stomach-churning butchery struck Santa Cruz. Between May 7, 1972, and April 21, 1973, eight women were found shot, strangled and stabbed to death. Six were coed hitchhikers. All of the victims were dismembered, there had been attempted sexual relations with the corpses and, in some instances, anthropophagy had occurred. That's the consumption of the victim's flesh. Pretty wicked stuff. Even for California.

Compounding this hideous scene, another chain of death began in October 1972. According to Jackson, heroin and gun sales went sharply up during this period. I mean, how *could* you sleep at night?

Edmund Emil Kemper III played precocious games as a child. Games like "execution" in which he would have his sister lead him to a chair, blindfold him and throw the "switch," whereupon Ed would writhe in the playful electric death throes. Then there was "chop the doll," which is self-descriptive. When it was suggested to young Ed that he kiss his second-grade teacher he replied, "If I kiss her, I'd have to kill her first." Such was the kiddie world of Ed Kemper.

Jim Jackson: "The best Kemper said to me—I can't explain it, he wanted to kill people so he could possess them. In that way, as dead, they would be more like dolls. It was

*continued on page 102*



## Joint Counterjoint

continued from page 52

If only the absurd and fascist laws against the herb were annulled, so that honest, hardworking farmers and tradesmen could savor the fruits of their labor in a free-market American economy, and so on, and so forth, brings a tear to your eye. It's really moving to hear this type of stirring sermon coming from pleasant acquaintances who only *happen* to keep gold ingots and Ming vases in their safe-deposit boxes, though you'd never suspect it to look at them.

Yeah, well—why is my pal Gordon Brownell of NORML, who half killed himself choreographing the California Marijuana Initiative last spring, still marveling perplexedly that nary a gold ingot nor a Ming vase has been donated to the purpose of legalizing individual pot cultivation in California? Could it be that these very pleasant growers, terrorized as they are by spotter narcs in Piper Cubs, are even *more* terrorized by the prospect of every potsmoker in the state tending a legal bush or five in his or her backyard? Watch the bottom drop straight out of the sinse market when *that* happens.

Let's see—I've downmouthed the government, the narcs, the growers, my lawyer, my colleagues in dope journalism, HIGH TIMES itself and probably half our advertisers so far. That's grand, sure—but keep in mind, now, that all this carping is fundamentally motivated by my personal aversion to high-THC reefer.

And who the hell am I to get picky about grass, anyway? Alcohol is my personal *estupefaciente* of choice: I have not spent a *nickel* on marijuana of any sort since the aforementioned Summer of Love, honest to God. I do strictly other people's grass, and only at parties, on weekends, two weekends a month tops. (Sociability is not my long suit.) This way, every time I get high, it's like the first time ever—every nuance of intoxication, from heartbeat rise to color perception to time distention, is solidly registered. (I can tell Hawaiian Thai from Humboldt County Thai, three times out of five at least, accurately enough so that weight movers have occasionally utilized me as a sort of gas chromatograph, to rate the origin, potency and value of their merchandise.)

So if I do three to five joints a month, and you do three to five joints a *day*, there is inevitably going to be a gap in our respective preferences for weed. With regular use, a person will develop a measure of tolerance to THC's mind-altering properties, though not so much to CBD's sedative properties; so I can sure see why a lot of people I know—no names here—would certainly go for connoisseur sinsemilla, the damn weed fiends.

But the vast majority of people in this country who do grass, when they can get it, necessarily keep their intake down to something like five joints per week, to go by the least untrustworthy government estimates.

(Contrary to what you may have read elsewhere, this is roughly equivalent to seven unfiltered tobacco cigarettes a week, not "a pack a day," in terms of possible carcinogenicity.) These folks just don't *need* high-THC reefer to get off properly—in my considered opinion—no, they could get along just fine on New Hampshire green homegrown. Except that there's a whole conspiracy of THC pimps, inside both the government and the drugnik counterculture, working assiduously to glamorize and promote the THC fetish. The government is pimping THC to help keep grass illegal in the long term, and the drugniks are pimping it to keep sinsemilla expensive and in demand, for immediate profit. Both ways, the little guy (or woman) at the bottom of the Baggie gets fucked.

High-THC reefer is the fast food of dope, that's all. A half hour of buzzed-out paralysis, another half hour of something very like spaced-out concussion, and then you've got nothing *better* to do than roll another very expensive joint. The whole sinsemilla *schtick* is rooted in base folly, it's pure Blimpie/Burger King economics with a spurious Studio 54 patina; sell the rubes on something tasty but insubstantial, and hang enough glitter on it so they keep buying.

But this Rasta lamb's bread, now, I can see where someone doing around five joints a week would really get *behind* it, just for special-occasion dope. It's around \$1,200 a pound (five-pound minimum) this season. That's gonna be pretty stiff when it gets down to the lid consumer, but there, this is strictly special, meaningful-occasion dope. Like, it is a certified Rasta sacrament; suck it in, and seriously, this plant that had its roots in Zion fills your blood with a sense of holiness, and you can see Babylon through the eyes of the Rastaman.

Too heavy for you? Well, let me describe how this Rasta weed *got* here. No seeds, dig it? This guy in Trashtown, and his whole family, schlepped seven miles every day all summer to their little hidden ganja patch on an abandoned sugar plantation—the big companies don't *let* them grow sugar anymore, the land just *sits* there—and they weeded out the males, and manicured the first buds off the females.

Too hardsell, huh? Well, look, then, to my educated palate this earth-brown ganja appears to rejoice in a *unique* proportion of CBD to THC. Unique, like nothing else. You get an initial vivid onset of nearly synesthetic sensory input, your mouth lights up like a Christmas tree, you can literally *smell music*! Then, shortly after, the CBD kicks in with this tidal underswell of pure *profundity*...

Damn—"R." I sure ain't, nor Ed Rosenthal, neither. If those guys wanted to, just by putting pen to paper, they could put Caribbean ganja at the top of the charts from San Francisco to East Berlin. Me, I can't even sell my lawyer on it, and I owe him money, too. □

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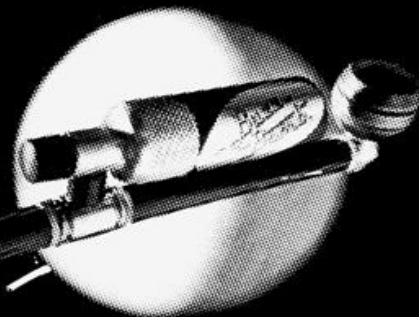
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## Memoirs of the Geek Beat

continued from page 100

not generally well known what Kemper did with his bodies. But he used to go up and talk to them, to pieces of them. He had one of the heads buried in his backyard, stationed such that if he looked out his back window over the garbage disposal, he could see where this head was buried and he could talk to it."

As Ed grew he moved his games on to torturing cats and other small living things. At age 15 he was sent to live with his grandparents. One day he shot and stabbed his grandmother and plugged his grandfather as the old man approached the house. Ed went away to the California Youth Authority, which quickly concluded Ed didn't fit in. He was transferred to a maximum-security mental facility. When he turned 21 Ed was released to his mother. He was paroled without psychiatric examination and received none when he was out. Ed confided later he thought this was a mistake. Great understatement.

Compounding this disaster, Ed was turned over to his mother, whom he had long fantasized killing. Ed began rehearsing matricide by casting involuntary young women whom he found standing alongside freeway exits with their thumbs out. Their's was the terminal role of Mama.

Jackson, while not entirely wistful, spoke of Ed in a slightly warm recollection. "He was an interesting person. Maybe because what he was, having killed so many people in such a unique and creative way. And you could talk to him, he had a high IQ. One day I'm sitting with him and I say, 'Ed, your case is shit.' At the time the prosecutor and the judge and I are talking about plea bargaining—Maybe he could plead to five'—'Oh, why not make it four and four'—and we're going on like this and Kemper leans over and says, 'Hey Jim, I don't want to cause you a lot of trouble. I'll be glad to plead to all of them if you want.' I said, 'Ed, that's okay. Don't make me feel bad... why do I feel sorry for you? You've murdered eight people, you fucking slug, and you can't give me a defense!' He says, 'What do you want me to do?'

"I want you to be crazy."

"Whereupon he drops on all fours to the floor and starts to chew on the rug, gnawing on the table, rolling his eyes, growling. I said, 'That's enough.' So he sits down, kind of hangdog—sheepish kid who tried—and says, 'Aww. I'm sorry.' He was trying very hard and that's why I like him."

The other side to Kemper's boyishness was his mischief with the bodies of his victims. Kemper would go into vivid detail about this sort of thing whenever he didn't want to talk to someone. How one of his victim's thighs tasted like veal scallopini. Kemper had a head on a towel in his closet. He placed a Mickey's beer bottle under it and snapped a picture of the arrangement. He was going to send it to the brewery as a



possible advertisement with the caption: Kathryn lost her head over Mickey's.

Art directors have done worse.

All the time the killings were taking place, Kemper was hanging out with the Santa Cruz cops at a local bar, teasing them about their lack of progress in the case. He was rather saddened the press didn't pick up the name he had given himself, the Coed Killer. He wanted to be as well-known as Jack the Ripper or the Boston Strangler. God knows, he deserved to be after putting so much effort into making his killings as repulsive as possible. Unfortunately, there was so much of that sort of thing going on in California, folks were really hard pressed to keep up with it all.

Kemper made his finale with the killing of his mother, replete with his own quirky irony. He cut out his mother's larynx and stuffed it down the garbage disposal, saying, "She was always bitching and griping and nagging me all her life. It seemed appropriate." But, according to Ed, the damned thing kept popping up out of the disposal and hitting him in the face.

While Kemper was giving the local girls rides into infinity, a young fellow named Herbert Mullin set out on his project. Mullin was out to prevent the predicted earthquakes of January 4, 1973, by offering up sacrificial victims. Herbie left 13 stiff in and around Santa Cruz between October 1972 and February 1973, and there were no earthquakes. In Mullin's mind, which is as remarkable a piece of anfractuious weirdness as can be found on earth—including California—his toil was a complete, unarguable success. No one argued against insanity in Mullin's trial; all agreed Herb Mullin was a foremost crazy. He had it all.

Jackson can scarce contain himself when it comes to Mullin. "He was soooooo crazy! He was more than a paranoid schizophrenic. He was just out of it—out, out, OUT of it. Byyyyyy Herbie. He was somewhere else. Peter Pan or something."

That from the man who defended Ed Kemper.

\* \* \*

Donald T. Lunde of Stanford University Law School is one of the world's foremost authorities on mass and serial murder. He is more reserved when speaking of Mullin. Lunde examined all of the Santa Cruz boys, as well as Patty Hearst and Patrick Kearney, the Trashbag Killer.

"Here's a guy who has been diagnosed over and over again as a paranoid schizophrenic and dangerous. He had every symptom in the textbook. It was all there. Historically, the mass murderers in particular, but all murderers involving strangers—leaving out family quarrels and that sort of thing—paranoia and paranoia-schizophrenia in this country and Europe are the most common mental illnesses associated with these. Now why there may be more of these kinds of murders in California... Well, the mental-health system in California is such as it is. It is not one factor. There was Rea-



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gan closing the mental-health facilities during that time."

In 1972 Governor Reagan came up with a plan to phase out the mental-health system in California. By June of that year the governor had his way. Hospitals up and down the state were closed or were in the process of closing. Patients were turned out in the streets, ending up in rooming houses and hotels in the more depressing, seamy areas of Los Angeles, San Francisco and San Jose. Reagan's move was primarily a matter of budget cutting, perhaps to offset the amount of money he was pumping into law enforcement, riot control and intelligence. Families such as Mullin's had no recourse, given the expense of private hospitals, which, at that time, ran \$100 a day.

Lunde went on: "Mullin was at Mendocino State Hospital. Well, that's one of those that closed and these people were left to fend for themselves. A lot didn't have homes to go to, like Mullin [did], and remain to this day in what are called psychiatric ghettos. No treatment, none at all. It's ironic, because the situation is a lot worse now than it was during the really bleak days of the state hospitals.

"The foreman of [Mullin's] jury sent an open letter to the governor, appalled that this guy was loose on the streets and was getting no treatment, and that his parents had tried getting him back in the hospital. And as a result of that letter a state senate select committee held hearings on the situation. A bill was passed which took from the governor the power to close any more state hospitals. Reagan vetoed the bill. It was the only time in his eight years that he had a veto overridden."

A person might say, Goddamn it, Reagan and his accompanying dim lights with their hoary ambitions made for one eight-year blight on the Golden State, turned it into a madhouse of frustrations. But to make such a raving accusation would be irresponsible, suspect and dangerous—given the fact that Reagan occupies the White House. Or, as another illustrious Republican president would caution when confronted with some odious, unspeakable act against the republic, It would be wrong.

At this point, I recall I was standing on Beach Street gazing numbly at the Lido on Santa Cruz Bay prior to flinging myself into the rental car for the long drive south, back to Los Angeles, the Hillside Stranglings and my plane ticket up and away from this terminal carny ride. And down there, in the basin—as it is topographically referred to—was my name and notebook in the hands of the LAPD Hillside Strangler Task Force.

Along with my name was the name Kenneth Bianchi. Bianchi was a Strangler suspect, though he was never contacted as I later was. He was the one who had lived in the same buildings as two of the victims and across the street from another. He was the one who had remarked to a friend who later called LAPD, "What would you think

if I told you I was the Hillside Strangler?" He was a young man who tried being a cop, but had to settle for security guard. He was a man who suffered severe headaches as a child while living with adoptive parents and wondered—and with hatred perhaps—about his real mother. He was a man who several psychiatrists would later say suffered from multiple personalities, was prone to violence, a Jekyll and Hyde. He was to be captured in Bellingham, Washington, on suspicion of murder, and he would admit he was the Hillside Strangler. And he would be proved correct.

But then I knew nothing, none of it. I had been out there for six weeks and I was now driving south. The closer I got to L.A., moving up through the Tehachapi Range, the darker my thoughts grew on where I had been. All these dead women. So many women this time. Kearney and Corona only killed men, 57 between them. The Folsom Street Fag Murders, horrible things found in garbage cans, 21 of those. Now, all these women. I was coming to learn it wasn't going to make any sense. Just sensations of the '70s.

Over the pass and heading down. Down, down, down the pass. The images get grim. Into L.A., moving down the San Diego Freeway, off on Sunset past Benedict Canyon. Sharon Tate's housekeeper crying

down the canyon that August morning: "Murder! Death! Bodies! Blood!" Echoing and echoing over the decade. Corpses and ghosts fill my rearview mirror. My reflection seems to fit right in with them, wearied, paranoid...no, no, *not* paranoid! What we have here in these mirrored eyes is fear. No-bullshitting-honest-to- Look out! Yow! -fear. And a creepy recognition like spying torn panties in an alley. By the time I take the car off Sunset Strip and put it into the hotel garage I've loosed three huge screams. Up in the room, I lay down on the floor. I thought, This saga of *angst und tod* must stop. All the stuff for several nights of bad dreams. I reach over and punch the tape recorder. Out comes Zevon's voice: "I'm drinking heartbreak motor oil and Bombay gin, I'll sleep when I'm dead."

Yow, indeed. Immediately to the phone and ring up the airline. "I would like to change my reservation...to now. Today. Quickly, into the sky. Murder! Death! Bodies! Blood!"

\* \* \*

The writer was finally contacted three days after fleeing the state of California by LAPD. The result of the questioning took the writer from the list of Hillside Strangler suspects. However, the writer's notebook remained in possession of LAPD. The writer considers it just as well.

## A N E P I L O G U E

It has been a year since I've had to think seriously about all this. Trying to find the conclusion only increases the hideous feeling the damn thing will never end. The Geek Beat was fellow traveler Bill Cardoso's keen metaphor for our trade. Geek: the great American carny entertainer who, for a small price of booze, drugs or even food, regales the marks leaning in over his pen by chomping off the heads of chickens or other small living things with his teeth. Thanks, Bill.

In the preface to his book *Tulsa*, Larry Clark wrote, "Once the needle goes in, it never comes out." What am I going to say? Once down in the geek pit, you never come out.

You are belled like a leper, dear friends, when you tread upon this bloody path, and you ring your days out walking through bars, laundromats, bedrooms, editorial offices, cop shops and morgues. Sometimes They come looking for you, following the clanging of your bell until they find you, clapping you on the shoulder with one friendly hand and holding a check in the other. And it's back into the pit with the chickens, and the marks are lined up for another show. And you, you are the one who finally levels the killer with his victims. Not the cops, not the D.A., not the judge, not the warden, but you, geeking it out on the typewriter. All of them are the chickens for your show. And all along, right up to the time you snap their necks with your teeth, they think they trust you, that you might be some help. Being metaphorical chickens and not

the ordinary fowl, they seem to ask for it, seem to be looking for something you can slip them—a bright light, a bit of fame, absolute solution, a TV movie.

Except those victims. They didn't ask to be in the show.

For two years, every time I looked over my left shoulder, there on the wall taped to a large yellow sheet of paper were the photographs of the Hillside Strangler's 13 victims. Next to those, an organizational chart of the Hillside Strangler Task Force and below that, police artists' sketches of the Hillside Strangler suspect circa 1978. Back on the yellow paper, a name: Kenneth Bianchi, Bellingham, Washington—where the decorated skein of murder ended this particular installment of California overkill.

On the wall, over my left shoulder, the Hillside victims and killer and cops are gone, folded up in the yellow sheet. Now there are photographs of children who once lived in Atlanta and a collage of accompanying news clippings. And, to the right of these, clippings regarding the new death act on the California scene: the Marin County Killer and his seven victims.

John Lennon was murdered last night in New York and, Good Christ, it's all back again squared to the tenth power. My mind is crowded with Death reverbs...I see Charlie's face and "Helter Skelter" is clawing from the tape recorder and "Happiness Is a Warm Gun" because Rimbaud said, "The time of the Assassins is now"... □



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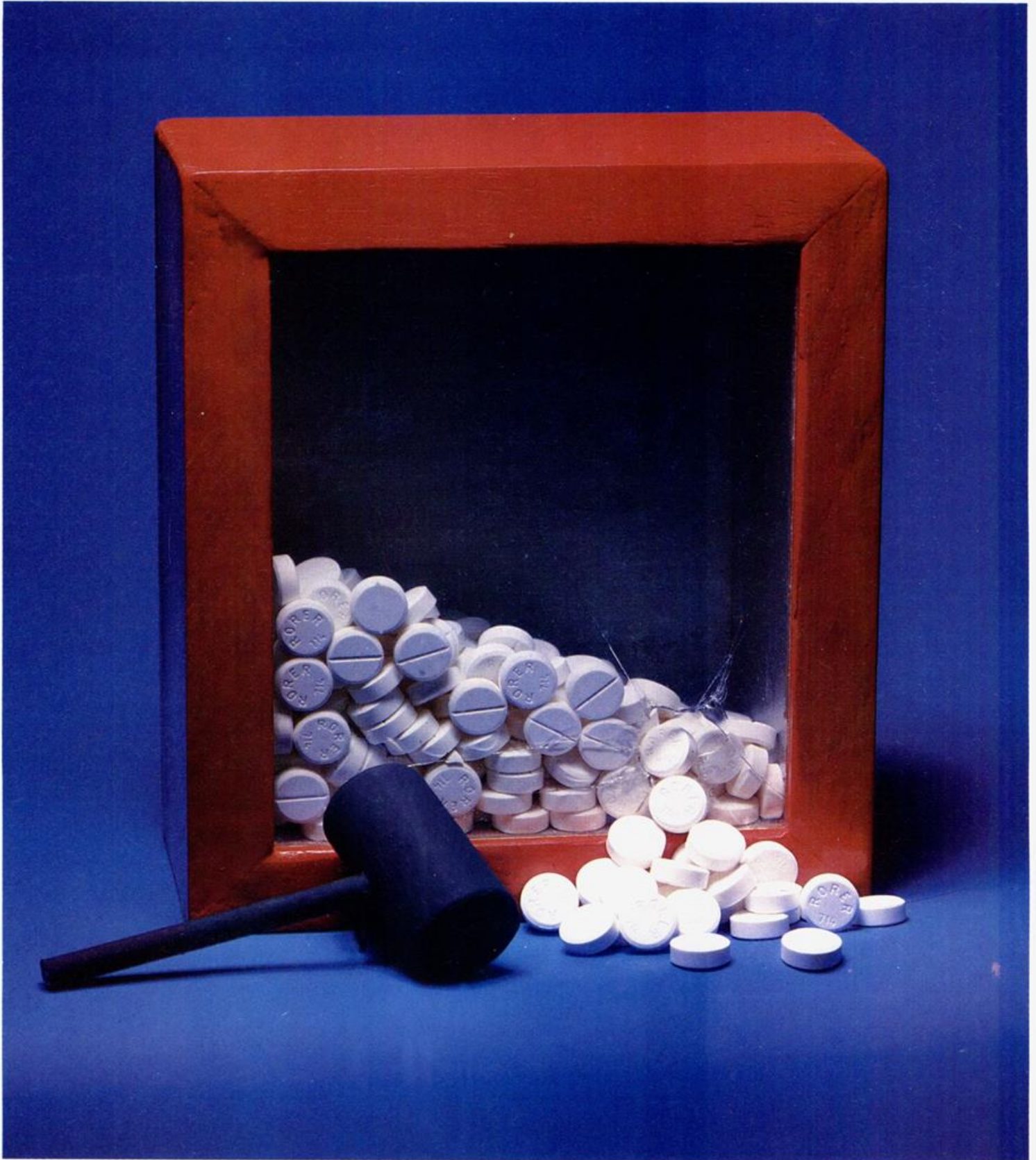
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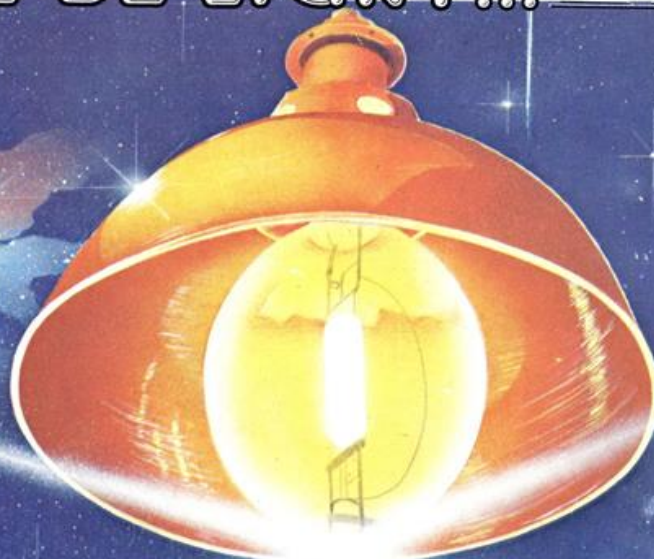
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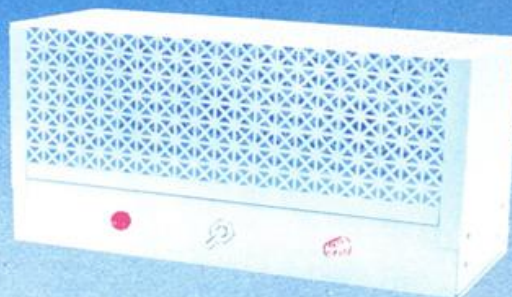
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